













ABBY BOLTON.

478.

THE

LIGHTED VALLEY;

OR

THE CLOSING SCENES

IN THE

LIFE OF A BELOVED SISTER.

By R. Bolton.

WITH A

PREFACE BY THE REV. WILLIAM JAY,

AUTHOR OF "MORNING AND EVENING EXERCISES."

(D)

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## ADVERTISEMENT.

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THE following pages were designed as a family memorial for those of its members who had not the privilege of being present at the scenes they describe—in which the fragments of a life of piety and loveliness might be gathered up, that nothing should be lost.

Remembering, however, the wide circle of her friends, and believing that this little account of one whom all who knew her loved, would be acceptable to them, it was concluded to present it to them through the press; may we not hope that it may fall into the hands of others who will find in it an example worthy of their imitation, that they too may enjoy the same hope and peace in their end.

This object might have been accomplished in a more unobtrusive way—one more genial with our feelings, and more in accordance with the retired habits of the subject of the little memorial: but there is a large circle of young persons who knew and loved her, for whose best interests she was deeply concerned; these could only be reached through the press; and for them also this memorial of their friend

is designed, that having seen how she *lived*, they may learn how she *died*.

They will see in these pages that there is

“A reality in religion”—

in a religion derived alone from the Spirit of God by means of his blessed Word renewing the heart into the image of Christ, and sanctifying the life and death of his servants to his glory.

May the same divine and gracious Spirit teach them and all into whose hands this volume may fall, that this is the one thing needful, and lead them to “choose the good part which shall not be taken away from them.”

R. B.

PELHAM PRIORY, Feb. 1, 1850,  
Westchester Co., N. Y.

## P R E F A C E .

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ELEVEN years ago, I was desired to write a short preface, to introduce to the public a brief memoir of a grandchild, who died between six and seven years old, at the Isle of Mauritius, where soon after his father, then in the service of government, died also.

The narrative was entitled "Little Willy." It has gone through many editions; and I have reason to believe the Lord has honored it, and made it the means of perfecting praise out of the mouths of other babes and sucklings. It was drawn up by his widowed mother—a circumstance which might have produced suspicion of partiality: but all who knew the lovely boy, could bear witness that even maternal fondness did not transgress the words of truth and soberness.

I have had much time and opportunity for observation and comparison; and I am constrained to confess I never saw clearer and more satisfactory evidence of an early work of grace, or of a child's being sanctified from the womb.

It may not be less interesting to some readers in the United States, that the body of the little saint lies buried by the side of the grave of Harriet Newell, the wife of the American missionary.

I am now again similarly called upon on account of another grandchild. But here the subject of attention was more advanced in age, and was removed in the bloom of life. She was born at Henley upon Thames, Oxfordshire, England, in the year 1827, and, removing with her family to America, in 1836, she died at Pelham Priory, near New York, June 16th, 1849. She was one of thirteen children, the offspring of the Rev. Robert Bolton, Rector of Christ church, and Anne Jay, his wife, all of whom have hitherto walked undeviatingly in the way of truth, and two of whom are Episcopalian clergymen, determined to know nothing save Jesus Christ and Him crucified.

As I have so often appeared before the public in print, it would have seemed affectation had I refused or hesitated to furnish a few lines on such an occasion; especially as the application came from so distant and so dear a quarter.

But relationship alone would not have induced my compliance, had I not believed that the work was not only *designed*, but *adapted* to be useful.

I am aware that we do not always distinguish be-



tween what is interesting to ourselves, and what is likely to impress others; and I would observe, first, that no individual stands in a space so narrow as not to hold some as well as himself—and some who know him, and may be influenced by him. Secondly, the relative circle here, whose feelings will be alive to the representation, is very extensive. Thirdly, there is also a much larger number of young ladies, of the most respectable families, who have been educated at the Priory—all from personal intimacy remembering, and admiring, and loving the lamented “Abby.” To which may be, fourthly, added, that a simple and unvarnished instance of unpretending, uniform, intelligent, attractive piety in early life, is likely to strike favorably; especially those of the same age and condition.

And need I say that this all-important class of claimants upon our attention, who are to build up our families, to fill our churches, and to serve our states, are peculiarly and increasingly exposed, and are already heaving forth from many a broken heart, “Childhood and youth are vanity.”

In moral or prudential censures we would never deal in wholesale: it becomes us to speak of suffering parents with tender discrimination. But persons often seem to think Providence evil-entreats them, when it only maintains a connection between sin and

suffering, folly and confusion. Solomon long ago observed this, and said, "A man's foolishness perverteth his way, and his heart fretteth against the Lord;" as if the Lord, and not himself, was the cause. Every good husband and wife are not a good father and mother! We may say even to Eli, "Do *you* wonder at Hophni and Phineas! *you*, who, when your sons made themselves vile, restrained them not!" and even to David, "Do *you* wonder at Adonijah! *you*, who never once in his life displeased him by saying, 'Why hast thou done this?'" Do men look for results contrary to all the analogies of nature and the known methods of grace? They neglect to sow—do they expect to reap? They neglect to plant—do they expect to gather? Or would they gather grapes from thorns, or figs from thistles?

What right or reason have many friends to complain? What have they ever done, religiously, diligently, patiently, judiciously, prayerfully, for those God has given them and committed to their care?

Some *say* and *do* not! but children are much more influenced by what they *see* than by what they *hear*! Example is above precept! It is in vain to enforce *humility* and practise *pride*! to commend meekness, and have no rule over our own spirits! to *love* in *word* and in *tongue*, and to *hate* in *deed* and in *truth*!

Inconsistency in parents is far more injurious than entire neglect ! Who likes to take meat out of a leprous hand ? “Thou that teachest another, teachest thou not thyself ?” Thou that sayest a man should not steal, dost thou steal ? Thou that abhorrest idols, dost thou commit sacrilege ?”

Some act only impulsively ; or by fits and starts, with often long intervals of indifference and carelessness ! They occasionally break forth in a kind of earnestness and haste ; and, the day being gloomy, and some cross accident having occurred, and the steam being up, in a bad humor they discharge a good scolding, and provoke their children to wrath, and discourage them ! but what do they *constantly* to bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord ? What do they to keep them from the paths of the destroyer ? and from bad company ? and from improper books ? What do they to possess the passes of the country before the enemy seizes and fortifies them ? What do they to preoccupy and store the mind with good, that there may be no room for the evil ? What do they to make religion appear a reasonable service, and “the one thing needful ?” and not an affectation of mere opinions and crude conceits, and empty disputes and rigid observances ? What do they to render godliness inviting, and home delightful ? and to keep the family in a generally pious

atmosphere? and to lead them towards heaven by their feelings as much as by their convictions.

Some parents are all softness and indulgence! but wisdom, in the management of childhood and youth, will learn to deny as well as to comply! There must be discipline as well as liberty! "He that spareth the rod hateth his son!" Here tenderness is often pleaded; and one asks, "May I not, and ought I not, to love my dear children?" To whom I reply, "Yes, and much more than you do! You ought to love them *wisely* as well as *really*! to love their souls as well as their bodies! to love them for eternity as well as for time! and never to be satisfied till they are 'blessed with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ!'"

I hope we hear less than formerly of the absurd justification or excuse of parental undutifulness. "But can we *make* our children Christians? Is not this the work of God?" and "Can the husbandman make a grain of wheat? Is not this the work of God?" But the husbandman can manure, and plough, and sow; without this he knows, notwithstanding God's agency, it is in vain to look for a crop! But, in the use of these means he expects, and he is authorized to expect, "first the blade, then the ear, and after that the full corn in the ear!" and how rarely is he ever disappointed!



When we look back to our earlier forefathers, (such for instance, as the Henrys,) we find religion a kind of heir-loom in the family! and the generations of the upright were blessed! and, though grace never came by *natural* descent, and "that which was born was born not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God," God heard prayer and blessed instruction, endeavor, and example, so that "instead of the fathers were the children, whom the Lord made princes in the earth!"

Early impressions are the most deep and durable; and even when the subjects of them "cast off fear and restrain prayer before God," these impressions have often, by some providential or gracious excitement, been revived; and Manasseh, in his affliction, seeks the Lord God of his fathers, and is found of him! and we know who has said, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it."

Though it may seem less proper for the writer himself to speak, I cannot help remarking that the father and mother of this beloved, and accomplished, and pious daughter have shown, though nature is so depraved, what may be done, by the blessing of God, under a system of proper education—a system which at once reaches the health, head, heart and hands—which embraces the life that now is and that which is



to come; which equally combines authority and affection; which does not needlessly multiply prohibitions and commands, but always abides by them when once issued; all recommended by personal character and conduct, and all accompanied with dependence upon God for that blessing which "maketh rich and addeth no sorrow with it!"

Such has been the system always pursued at Pelham Priory, and the effects have been owned by all observers.

This address was not required to eulogize, or rather to characterize the deceased. This is deservedly done in the following pages.

At my advanced age, it is not very probable that I shall see or hear much of the success of the publication; but I shall follow it with my prayer, that it "may have free course and be glorified!" especially in all my children's children, that "the sons may be as plants grown up in their youth, and the daughters as corner-stones, polished after the similitude of a palace!"

WILLIAM JAY.

PERCY PLACE, BATH, October 3, 1849.





Pelham Priory.

## CHAPTER I.

### *Her Principles and Practice.*

~~~~~  
“Whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God.”—1 Cor. x. 31.

“Love what He loves, and let His pleasure please ;
Die daily ; from the touch of sin recede :
Then thou hast crowned Him, and He reigns indeed.”

~~~~~ COWPER'S TRANS. GUION.

IT is sweet to witness even in Nature the glorious setting of the sun ; when having faithfully discharged his daily round of duty, having imparted life and light to all, he sinks majestically to rest in clouds bathed in his golden light : calmly and noiselessly does he pass from our view, the gleam of glory that he casts around him telling only of his sure rise in

“Brighter regions yet.”

But it is sweeter far to watch the setting of the *Christian* sun ; to mark the close of a toilsome day of duties, often clouded by sins and

retarded by temptations; to behold the lingering rays of love, peace, and joy, which speak the departure blest, and which promise with golden hope the rising to everlasting day. Such privilege has been ours; as, tending the death-bed of a young and lovely sister, we watched the progress of declining strength, and witnessed at length the peaceful, yet triumphant release of her glorified spirit. All was calm—all was quiet—for *a life of preparation* needs no hurry at its close; *years of anticipation* prevent all alarm, and *days of actual waiting* can hail the summons with delight.

From her earliest years our sister had loved her Saviour. Surrounded by unusual religious privileges, her first lisplings were in prayer and praise. A spirit of ardent devotion soon showed itself in the decided piety of *childhood*, which in *youth* shone forth with almost angelic brightness and loveliness. Fed on the pure milk of the *Word*—taught to read, study, and obey it from the heart—it became by choice “the man of her counsel”—“the lamp unto her feet”—“the light unto her path.” The uniform habit of *private prayer* deepened,



with her years, into a realizing sense of its value and efficacy; so that the Mercy-seat was ever her favorite resort, her safe retreat, her hiding-place. From being taken regularly to the *public services of God's house*, she soon learned the privilege thus to meet God in his sanctuary; and truly did she there sit under his shadow with great delight, and his fruit was sweet unto her taste; for she found his word, and did eat it, and it was to her the joy and rejoicing of her heart.

With David she continually exclaimed, "One day in thy courts is better than a thousand; I would rather be a door-keeper in the house of my God, than dwell in the tents of wickedness."

Anxiously watched over and thus prayerfully led by fond *earthly* parents, she was yet more highly favored of her *Heavenly* Father, who, by his blessing upon these simple means of grace, bestowed upon her the mercy of all mercies, in a knowledge of herself as a sinner *totally depraved*; and Jesus as her Saviour *all-sufficient* and *complete*. The work of the Spirit on her heart, was manifest in its own quiet and peculiar influence. It was inward,

deep, purifying, progressive. Reviewing life, and examining herself upon her death-bed, she was only apprehensive that, unable to mark the exact time or decided manner of her change of heart, she was perhaps building her hope on a false foundation. "I can never remember," she said, "the time when I did not love God, and desire above all things to be conformed to his will." Yet though unconscious to herself of *the time* of this saving change, she could readily testify to its *effects* in a *growing conformity*, an *increasing knowledge*, a *deeper humility*, a *purser and more ardent love*: nor were her friends at all in doubt; for the fruits of the Spirit were eminently characteristic of her—love, peace, and joy in believing: her love was universal, for it sought the soul of her fellow-man; her peace flowed in as a river, for by faith she was justified; her joy was bright and abiding, for not even death, as she had been distinctly told, could separate her from her everlasting portion.

Thus, through the blessing of God, was a spirit infused into the character of our sister, that like the life blood with its vital power, pervaded her entire system. Truly can it be said

of her that "there was not an action of her life that was not governed by it, nor a quality of her mind which did not partake of its spirit. It was diffused through all her conduct, and shed its benign influence not only on the things she did, but on her temper in performing them." Her affections had their worthy objects, her time its important duties, her thoughts their well-regulated employments. There was but little display, because the principle was *interior, hidden*,—"Thou *God* seest me." She was indeed in the world for a few short years, but never of it; it had no charms which could attract her, no influences which could bind her.

"Her soul disdained on earth to dwell,  
It only sojourned here."

Yet it must not for a moment be supposed that there was aught like gloom or apathy. No—her marked consistency presented "Christianity in her fairest attitude, in all her lovely proportion of figure, and correct symmetry of feature," disarming prejudice of its ridicule, and infidelity of its sneer. There were some, indeed, who censured and remonstrated against

a standard so far above the attainment of the careless ; but while the world *disliked*, it could not *despise* ; so that religion, as seen in its practical effects on our sister, was universally admired—its meekness, its trust, its self-denial, its humility ; yet withal, its constant cheerfulness, its unvarying courteousness, its winning love, its bright hope, its unclouded joy, *convinced* all ; it *persuaded* some, and it *guided* not a few into its “ways as ways of pleasantness, and its paths as paths of peace.”

At fourteen years of age she had given herself publicly to the Lord, uniting with her father’s church, the church of God militant ; and through the remaining seven years of her life, while maintaining an uncompromising warfare against the world, the flesh, and the devil, she was careful also to *adorn* her profession by a consistent example, upheld by the graces of the Spirit—a *faith* fixed upon an inheritance prepared—a *hope* bright that claimed it as her own—a *love* devoted that sought diligently to walk worthy of it unto all well-pleasing.

If there was one property of her mind more observable than another from this time for-



ward, it was *serenity*; a *peace* which literally nothing could disturb, surrounded her like an atmosphere—a peace, that was the effect of strong and constant trust in God; as was also an indomitable but quiet *firmness* she ever evinced. It is scarcely credible how beautifully the active and passive graces were balanced and exemplified by our sister in her daily conduct. No trial of life, no swelling of the stormy Atlantic, could move that hope which she had cast as an anchor, reaching within the veil. It wrought in her a singular detachment from the world, both in look and manner—an apparent forgetfulness of everything but her God, that did very much strike all who saw and knew her; for it is, alas! but rarely that we see the temples of the Holy Spirit shining as they ought to do—reflecting the glory and beauty of their blessed inhabitant.

What God has made and himself condescended to notice as “fair” and “beautiful,” “obtaining favor in the sight of all them that looked upon it,” *we* surely may pause to admire; particularly when its loveliness but redounds to its Maker’s praise. By her personal charms—the blooming cheek, the constant smile, the



innocent and lustrous eye, our sister was *unavoidably* the object of much admiration. On the one hand raised by her Christian principles above the vanity of assisting this admiration by dress or decoration, on the other free from the affectation of disguise or concealment, she pretended not to be *unconscious*, but she cared not for *man's* observations,—lowly in her own eyes for she walked humbly with her God. Sweetly therefore did her example shine as one who devoted her “fair countenance” a free will offering to the praise and glory of her God; in not choosing religion, as some have frequently insinuated, “because there was but little chance of attracting the notice of the world,” but as one who well knew that she could have shared its admiration in no common degree, had she desired and sought it.

But our sister had far brighter charms than those of person: her mind and manners were naturally elegant—gentleness blended with sweet vivacity, and refinement enhanced simplicity of character. Thoroughly and liberally educated, but only at home, by no means despising the accomplishments of life, all was yet regulated by a steady aim at permanent useful-

ness. This caused her to renounce the lighter pursuits of literature ; this influenced her in all she studied, in all she wrote ; it peculiarly characterized her singing, it urged and directed her in the study of languages, and withal, it failed not to support her in the calling of the Christian lady, *charity*—whether as required in relieving, instructing or working for the poor ; in short, this decided and persevering purpose to do good was the controlling principle of her life—it was the spring and support of all her exertions.

She loved music—her manner of singing was quite her own ; we pretend not to judge her by the world's standard. Her voice was perfectly clear, strong and musical ; but it was peculiar ; as in a fashionable day and amid worldly society she yet dared to dedicate it to the service of her God. She would sing other songs, but not as she sang sacred songs. Let the breathless silence and unceasing interest with which she was listened to attest this. Safe in her sentiments, she could slowly and distinctly enunciate her words ; sending them home to the hearts of her hearers with the force of truth, impressed by deep pathos. Yet

she did not enjoy singing alone as much as in a choir, where she could stand behind, with her arms folded, and her face raised to Heaven, as if she longed to be there.

She was very fond of painting. Here her talent was conspicuous. A calm but earnest admirer of Nature, it was her only standard. She fully appreciated the depth of its coloring, and the strength of its light and shade. Who that knew her cannot recall the delight with which she would arrange for her pencil a study of fruit, or flowers, or a group of shells!

Uninfluenced by a love of display, these accomplishments, instead of leading her from home for admiration, fitted her rather to endure, to enjoy, and to adorn its retirement. With the study of botany, she courted its fields, its woods, and its gardens, as the most suitable sphere for her simple natural tastes.

“I well remember,” says her absent brother, “the liveliness and enthusiasm with which she noticed the common grasses and wild leaves of a hedge-row, and the flowers of the fields of her native land—England. The primrose and the wild hyacinth—I think I see them in her hand! With what pleasure, too, her eye

roamed over the distant landscape! To her the road-side, or the distant hills and woods, were equally wonderful, and filled her heart with the praises of God. She delighted too in observing the heavens—‘the work of God’s hands—the moon and stars which He had made,’ and thoroughly enjoyed those lovely sunsets which constitute so striking a characteristic of the American climate. How often do I call to mind a sunset at sea, after a stormy day, when we found it difficult to stand on deck; yet how she lingered to see the last ray, both in the sky and on the sea. Her remarks at such times were full of instruction, and such as became the child of God.”

To the fond eye of affection, as she thus came forth from the school room upon the stage of life, she seemed just fitted for the world; when an eye that seeth not as man seeth, saw that she was meet rather for *Heaven*—meet for the inheritance of the saints in light.



## CHAPTER II.

### *Her Visit to England.*

~~~~~  
“When the fruit is brought forth, immediately he putteth in the sickle.”—Mark iv. 29.

“Time had not laid his hand
On tress or feature, stamping the dread lines
Of chill decay, till death had naught to do
Save that slight office which the passing gale
Doth to the wasted taper. No, her cheek
Shamed the young rose-bud ; in her eye was light
By gladness kindled ; in her footsteps grace ;
Song on her lips ; affections in her breast,
Like soft doves, nestling. Yet from all she turned,
All she forsook, unclasping her warm hand
From friendship’s ardent pressure, with such smile
As if she were the gainer.”

~~~~~  
MRS. SIGOURNEY.

It has been said, “All who possess but the elements of religion, submit to the Divine will :” but is it not often with tardy reluctance ; sometimes, indeed, with impatient and fretful struggling ? It needed not a process of reasoning to convince our dear sister, that in her affliction a Father’s gentle hand was upon her for good. The eye of her faith instantly saw it ; and a heart at peace with God, with the



world, and with itself, joyfully responded, "Even so, Father; for so it pleaseth thee." When first our anxiety was awakened about her health, there was nothing perceptible to the stranger's eye, nor were her symptoms alarming to friends at home. Medical advice was however promptly taken and followed, so that through the winter of 1847-8, she was but slightly indisposed.

When an opportunity offered of a sea voyage in the spring, it was deemed best that she should accompany her parents and an elder sister to England. They sailed on the 6th of April. Propitious gales wafted her quickly to her native land: but the voyage proved too severe a test; she suffered much during it, and from that time wasted rapidly and alarmingly away. Yet as her cheek retained its color and her spirits were buoyant as ever, as she roamed apparently unwearied over hill and dale and then delighted the evening circle with her song, those anxious ones who accompanied her would fain flatter themselves all might yet be well. For not only was the hand unseen that was laid upon her, but the disease itself, evident in its wasting effects, was hidden in its

cause, and baffled the medical skill of both countries. She seemed only to waste away—

“The flower faded !”

This visit, however, though unavailing to restore physical health, contributed much to her enjoyment, and to mature, by its rich religious advantages, the character fast ripening for glory. It was doubtless kindly permitted by an overruling Providence, to renew her interest in the affections and prayers of many godly people ; it was mercifully allowed, too, that a brother most devotedly loved, from whom she had been separated for five years, should thus see her face again, before God took her to himself. This gratified her through her remaining days, and tempered to him the blow of her death while he was yet absent. Nor was it less graciously appointed that so many sweet associations should cluster around this visit, as to yield the sweetest alleviations in the bitter cup of trial, survivors have been called to drink.

Before sailing from New York, a stranger, who had been interested in hearing her sing, and who desired to fan the flame of sacred

love that ascended from her lips, presented her with a ballad, "He doeth all things well." It was quite new to her friends in England; and first heard as sung by our sister with sweet expression, prompted by deep feeling and conviction, which threw a peculiar pathos around the words, it never failed to draw forth universal admiration; to which however she alone seemed quite insensible. Wherever she went afterwards, her voice as tuned to this prophetic sentiment awakened the same peculiar interest; so that she scattered truth by each glad effort, that has yet continued to echo and re-echo to the comfort of survivors, and to the glory of God: a watch-word was thus given that has again and yet again nerved the Christian to his duty. Even after her return to this country it was sung by our sister till her voice failed her from weakness—then whispered in death as faith was changed to sight.\*

---

\* As the words of this sacred ballad may not be known to all our readers, we are tempted to transcribe them.

"HE DOETH ALL THINGS WELL."

I remember how I lov'd her, when a little guileless child,  
I saw her in the cradle as she look'd on me and smil'd—

A few extracts from her letters written home during her absence in England will best

---

My cup of happiness was full, my joy words cannot tell;  
And I bless'd the glorious Giver, "who doeth all things well."

Months pass'd, that bud of promise was unfolding ev'ry hour,  
I thought that earth had never smil'd upon a fairer flow'r;  
So beautiful it well might grace the bow'rs where angels  
    dwell,  
And waft its fragrance to His throne "who doeth all things  
    well."

Years fled—that little sister then was dear as *life* to me,  
And woke, in my unconscious heart, a wild idolatry;  
I worshipp'd at an earthly shrine, lured by some magic spell,  
Forgetful of the praise of Him "who doeth all things well."

She was the lovely star, whose light around my pathway  
    shone,  
Amid this darksome vale of tears through which I journey on.  
Its radiance had obscured the light, which round His throne  
    doth dwell,  
And I wandered far away from Him "who doeth all things  
    well."

That star went down in beauty, yet it shineth sweetly now,  
In the bright and dazzling coronet that decks the Saviour's  
    brow,  
She bowed to the Destroyer, whose shafts none may repel,  
But we know, for God hath told us, "He doeth all things  
    well."

I remember well my sorrow as I stood beside her bed,  
And my deep and heartfelt anguish, when they told me *she*  
    *was dead*;  
And oh! that cup of bitterness—*let not my heart rebel*,  
God gave—He took—He will restore—"He doeth all things  
    well."

illustrate the *practical* nature and habitual character of our sister's piety; proving beyond a doubt the entire consecration of her every act to the glory of God!

With deep and heartfelt gratitude, she first and promptly records the mercy that guarded them across the trackless deep.

"BATH, April 26th, 1848.

"How shall I tell you, my sisters, of the goodness and mercy of our God! For he has sent his angel before us to guide us in all the way; and has at last given us rest.

"In twenty days from the time we bade you all good-bye, we were snugly located in Percy Place.\* Once in that sweet Bethel the troubles by the way are all quickly forgotten,—or if reviewed, only serve to enhance our present pleasure. As to the voyage, I cannot bear to dwell upon it. It was a dark day indeed! We did little but eat, drink, and sleep! Would we attempt to read?—Before a sentence was completed, the book was on the floor, and our ideas scattered quite as far."

As a true lover of Nature she dwells with

---

\* The residence of our honored grandfather.



rapture, yet with marked simplicity, upon the scenery of their road as it lay between Liverpool and Birmingham—the limit of their first day's journey towards Bath.

“How exquisite the beauty of this country! The richness of the meadows clothed with emerald green, made my heart to die within me! It was almost too much to see, realize, and enjoy at once. We could not speak,—but looked out in silent admiration. Those dear little villages clustering around the old churches, seemed buried in ivy and fruit blossoms;—each cottage priding itself upon its neat garden of cabbage and lettuce, with borders of wall-flowers, pansies, and marigolds. Then upon the winding canal, might be seen the heavily laden barge drawn slowly by the team; or sheltering under its banks the graceful swan and her cygnets. The lanes too! how shall I picture to you those lanes—embowered with vines, carpeted with primroses and cowslips, with dandelions and daisies.

“But if the beauty of nature so astonished me, how amazed was I at the perfection of art! The finish which delights the eye in every direction. The fine rail-roads and their

stations, already overgrown with ivy surrounded with gardens and shrubs, extending some distance along the road. The banks, though twenty feet high, green as grass can make them, abounding in primroses and yellow broom, and crowned with a fine hawthorn hedge."

In another part of the same letter, she alludes to the second day's journey, which brought them safely from Birmingham to Bath.

"We started early in the train. For some time we were alone in a car, and went on as on the wings of the wind; yet at the same time getting a fine view of the country. A shower had just fallen, and now the sun was shining sweetly—of course we were in raptures; but Mamma gazed from the windows in tearful silence, for every mile brought us nearer to the sacred spot. Stafford Castle, now only used as a jail, looked most majestic among the distant hills, and seemed to frown upon the intruding rail-road. So we came to Bristol—passing through Tewkesbury on the road.

"You have no idea how strangely it sounds to hear these old and interesting names associated with rail-way stations. At Bristol we

stole a moment for a glimpse of St. Mary's Radcliffe, and then off again. In twenty minutes we were in Bath. We dared not look around lest we should happen to see dear J.; but no, like a good and noble fellow he is waiting in Cambridge for us to meet him there. But now I must stop; for we are summoned to a horticultural show. Oh! how much rather would I stay in this dear study and talk a while more to my precious ones. I wanted so much to tell you how all struck us, and how exceedingly kind they are; but we are to drop these letters into the office on our way."

In the next she speaks with interest of attending the week evening service in Argyle chapel, the day after their arrival.

"From the horticultural show we went up Bathwick Hill to tea with Uncle, and walked down at seven to hear dear Grandpapa. He preached a most glorious sermon upon 'the manifestation of the sons of God.' I doubt if you can possibly imagine our feelings, when the venerable silvery head appeared in the pulpit, and then bent in silent prayer. The expression with which he reads is wonderful—his words distil the dew—so softly and yet so

effectually do they fall. His manner of emphasizing some passages, merely, gives you an entirely new view of them."

In the form of a journal, still writing home, she adds :

"April 27th. This morning has been spent in calls. In the afternoon we walked with Papa and W. J. to Bathampton, over those emerald meadows all alive with cows and lambs, across the ferry into the lovely little church-yard, the unfinished oil sketch of which you have, and so we came to dear S——'s birth-place. A wing has been added to the house : it seemed therefore a little changed ; but oh ! it is indeed a charming spot. Papa returned to Percy Place—we to Bathwick Hill."

Exceedingly anxious to meet our brother and the kind aunt who had so long and generously watched over him while for years absent from his home, they left Bath on the Saturday morning, and soon reached Cambridge.

"May 3d. Only imagine how our hearts beat, as every mile brought us nearer to the dear one ! We were, I confess, dreadfully excited, when running under the lofty archways,



we in a moment recognized him, eagerly, almost wildly gazing into every car as it passed, and then half turning away with such a reproachful look of disappointment! but the well-remembered voices were not to be mistaken, and we were quickly in his arms! ‘Who but God could have done this, my dearest mother,’ he exclaimed, ‘let his be all the glory.’ I see not the slightest alteration in dear J——; whether wearing his cap and gown, hood or hat, he is to me precisely the same brother as when, book in hand, he used to scamper off into the woods of Pelham. We were soon in Paradise, as we call dear Aunt’s lovely place. All were deeply affected in meeting, but soon began to talk rationally of the change which twelve years cannot fail to make.” \* \*

This was Saturday evening; their first morning in Cambridge dawned on a Sabbath—their first Sabbath in England. The mercies of the past week had not failed to excite a grateful frame. The body nerved by the spirit, sought for rest, not at home, but in the green pastures and beside the still waters of Christian privileges, which were so abundantly set before her.



“S. and I went early into J——’s room, to unite with him in prayer and praise; nor were *you*, my precious ones, forgotten there at the throne of grace. At eleven we started for Trinity, to hear Mr. Carus, with whose preaching we have been charmed. His subject was the distinction existing between justification and sanctification. He warned us to beware, in these perilous times, of placing the one before the other; and yet entreated us not to separate what God had so clearly joined together. It was an enlargement of his views on the same subject, in the preface to Mr. Simeon’s life. He was much affected in telling how Jesus came by *blood*, not by water only—*that* was not enough; for without the shedding of blood, there is no remission. The chanting was delightful; and the hymns, “Come ye sinners, poor and needy,” and “There is a fountain filled with blood,” were most sweetly sung by the school-children.

“After dinner I went with J—— to his Sunday School, and to my surprise was appointed to Mrs. T——’s class, the largest girls in the school, she being detained at home by sickness. I felt a little nervous, but strength is given as

our day ; and after hearing their Scripture lesson, which was beautifully recited, I was enabled to explain and apply it to them. Some of my class, I found, are decidedly pious, and it was delightful to see how their countenances brightened, as our subject led us to speak of that peace which the world can neither give nor take away. J—— then took my place, and gave them proofs to find on the subject of prayer, which he had previously written out. He then gave a short address, the children sang sweetly, and we closed with prayer. The school is certainly in great perfection, and the children are so clean, and respectful, so attentive, and so well-grounded in Scripture. In the evening we heard Mr. Carus at St. Mary's. He gave us a glorious missionary sermon upon the conduct of Gaius to the strangers who came unto him—how he sent them on their way rejoicing.” \* \* \* \* \*

Thus closed this privileged Sabbath day. The heavenly satisfaction which our dear sister enjoyed, in thus waiting upon God in private and in public, enabled her to testify with the Psalmist, “He maketh me to *lie down* in

*green pastures*," or led her to exclaim with the sweet versifier,

"In holy *duties* let the day  
In holy *pleasures* pass away ;  
How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend !  
In hope of one that ne'er shall end."

Resuming her letter, she adds :

"Monday afternoon. We walked to Gran-  
chester, a heavenly little village. It is here in  
this sweet secluded spot, that the gownsmen  
who die at the several colleges, find their nar-  
row home. We noticed particularly the grave  
of a young American—how sad to die so far  
from home ! Under other circumstances, one  
might consider it a privilege to slumber *there*.

"Tuesday. Papa, W. J——, J——, and my-  
self, visited the national schools. Oh ! it was  
a glorious sight to behold ! and a most thrilling  
thing to hear their infant voices swell our  
Creator's praise ! We agreed it was impossi-  
ble to describe such scenes on paper ; but  
never mind—(D. V.) we shall soon meet again,  
and warm up one another's heart with the re-  
view of them.

"Thursday. Mr. Carus has been to break-

fast with us. I am almost ashamed to say we were at the table till nearly eleven ; but it was in such good company ! It is sad to see a man wearing himself out, as good Mr. Simeon did before him, while others wonder, admire, and justly too, but put not a finger to the burden. He has promised to continue his conversation in St. Mary's pulpit this evening ; so we are looking forward to a feast of fat things. Oh ! could you but enjoy with us these religious advantages, for which *we* must give account !”

So entirely was the bent of our dear sister's mind, her inclinations and her affections, towards God, that in the midst of all their lionizing as strangers, and the marked attentions which as visitors they received, though nature was admired, and art appreciated, yet was her taste ever mostly delighted with sacred things—with holy pleasures and holy employments.

God had in a great and unexpected manner honored her by this visit to England ; yet in it she sought not great things for herself. Though nearly the youngest in the family order, yet she had been chosen and called off from varied duties to the enjoyment of travel, and the



privileges of society. But amidst all the kindness and gaiety, all the hospitality and luxury with which she was welcomed and surrounded, her resolution did not falter—her ambition was to remain within the fold of the Shepherd of Israel, and share in the portion only of His “little flock,” choosing thus the good part which she knew neither change of place nor time could take away.

There is something so graceful and simple-hearted in her manner of mingling every enjoyment in nature and society with the sentiment most potent in her heart, that we are tempted to extract yet more from her letters. After describing an hour or two, spent in the Museum, and in visiting its new edifice, “the Fitzwilliam Museum,” she takes us to Christ College gardens there to reverence Milton’s mulberry tree—a poet whose works she justly appreciated and greatly admired. From this sweet retired spot to Jesus’ College, to see the chapel, which is now repairing. “Within the last three years, by pulling down the plaster, they have discovered a most splendidly carved roof; also Gothic archways and tombs. One in particular let into the



pavement to the virtuous Bertha—A. D. 1216—a nun of the convent ; for such was the college till the time of a Mr. Alcock, who, learning that it was inhabited by two nuns only, purchased it and converted it to its present use. The cloisters too have just been laid open, into which I found my way, being the thinnest of the party, by ascending an awfully narrow and gloomy staircase. They all had a hearty laugh at the nun of the green veil and parasol,—and I assure you I was very glad to find myself safely down stairs again. In the court of the chapel is a trap-door leading down into a subterranean passage three quarters of a mile in length, which comes out at last in some old convent in Barnwell.

“ We then returned home to lunch ; S. again sallied forth with Aunt, but my head ached so much that I thought best to rest for fear of not being able to go to Mr. Carus’s, in the evening, which he had kindly invited us to spend in his rooms.

“ At half after eight we set out—Mr. Carus had kindly invited Mr. H., the select preacher for the month at St. Mary’s, with his wife and daughter, and a few other friends to meet us.

Oh! what a charming evening we spent with that devoted christian. His soul seems to beam forth *in love* to fellow-christians—*in pity* to fellow-sinners. He told us many interesting things of good Mr. Simeon; showed us his Bible with notes and criticisms, a worked stool which he had left to him, and many other things. He was much pleased with the little song “He doeth all things well”—then sat down and played many beautiful chants and hymn tunes himself, while we stood round and sang. We ended with the evening hymn,

“Glory to thee my God this night,” &c.

After which he took the Bible, rang for the servants, and we had family prayer. Supper was then brought in, and so ended that happy, blessed evening. In intercourse with such a man one is continually reminded of those lines of Cowper’s:—

“When one who holds communion with the skies  
Has filled his urn where the pure waters rise,  
And once more mingles with us meaner things,  
’Tis e’en as if an angel shook his wings;  
Immortal fragrance fills the circuit wide,  
And tells us whence his treasure is supplied.”

No one can doubt in this case—his unwearied energy looks only for the rest that remaineth to the people of God.

“Saturday evening. Just come in from visiting the Barnwell schools with J. We found there our dear friends A. W., Miss S., and Mr. C., assembled with the elder girls to practise a little singing. How sweetly they sang “There is a land of pure delight,” and “Songs of praise,” sustaining the parts with almost as much taste and order as any city choir.

“We returned through Chesterton, lost in rapture with the groves of lilac, laburnum, and guelder rose which greeted us on every side. All we could say was, Oh! that the dear ones were here—then, then we should be perfectly happy.

“Sunday evening. Notwithstanding all our bright hopes of hearing McNeil, it was so much wished that we should attend service in the Baptist church that we consented. We had a most excellent sermon, from a stranger, Mr. S., upon the words “To be spiritually minded is life and peace.” He first considered the sources of such a blessed state—faith, meekness,

love and ready obedience—its fruits, life and peace—which are only desirable as found in union. A nation may have life, but be torn by factions,—a family, but distracted by dissensions—an individual, but carrying about in a guilty breast, the worm which dieth not—the fire which is not quenched.

“In the afternoon we went to St. Mary’s, to hear the select preacher Mr. H., and were very well pleased—though the sermon then is intended to be more a model essay for the University upon some doctrinal point; seasoned with a liberal supply of Latin and Greek.

“From thence on our way home we turned into King’s College Chapel. Around the steps a great crowd was collected; and the instant the doors were opened there was a dreadful rush for places, so that some ladies were absolutely almost out of breath by the time they reached their seats. We were fortunate enough to get three vacant stalls—for the greater part of the people had to stand. Prayers were read by one of the under-graduates; but the responses were all chanted by the young choristers in their white surplices.

“An anthem concluded the service—and oh!

what an anthem! Conceive if you can how it echoed back from that solid stone roof, that marble pavement, those mysterious windows! It was almost too much to take in at once—to *gaze* upon one of man's noblest works—to *hear* the pure word of God ascend from hundreds in notes which surely angels would not despise,—to *reflect* upon your own insignificance and upon the majesty of Him who *dwelleth* not even in *such* temples!

“The evening gave us an opportunity of hearing McNeil. We knew the place would be crowded, therefore made an early start; yet the Throne\* was already full, and the galleries filling fast. By dint of pushing and squeezing, we succeeded in getting seated. The church at length was so densely crowded, that they were obliged to lock the doors, and then the most perfect stillness and order reigned. Mr. Carus read prayers; after which McNeil came down from the Throne, and with his little Bible only in hand, entered the pulpit, and offered a short extemporary prayer.

“His text was, ‘Oh grave, where is thy victory!’ He remarked, ‘Your church-yards,

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\* The seats reserved for the heads of college.



your cemeteries, your fields of battle, the bottom of the mighty deep, return a ready answer to the *simple* question ; but we must regard it as *prophetic*. Had you stood by that tomb in which but One Man was laid, you might have said, Oh grave ! you have your triumph ! Yes, through Friday and Saturday you might ; but, on this blessed morn, the *glorious Sabbath, where—where is now your victory ?* He then showed how Christ's resurrection was the pledge of our own, without which assurance we should be of all men most miserable. He concluded with comparing the present state of the dead and their condition at the final resurrection, to the breaking of a grand mirror into a thousand pieces, which are scattered some dark night along the mountain side : they reflect nothing, they lie unnoticed ; but see, when in the morning the gilded east lights up that valley, how they dazzle in the sun as each returns the faithful image of that glorious orb. Now let these fragments be gathered together into one frame, yet each possessing its distinct shape, and you have some faint idea of 'the manifestation of the sons of God.'"

Thus closed another week, their first entire

week in England. From her letters its time would seem to have been devoted exclusively to sacred duties and pleasures; yet those with her, bear testimony to its being a week of continued engagements and excitements—friends vying with friends in every demonstration of kindness and attention.

But all this transitory pleasure, kind and grateful as it was, and duly appreciated by our sister, was yet so wanting in comparison with the soul's rich privileges upon which she was now literally feasting, that it receives comparatively but a passing notice. That she was not insensible to it, let her own words prove: "The kindness we have received surpasses anything we could expect, and is infinitely beyond what we could deserve."

A true lover of flowers, she describes in her next letter their efforts to assist in adorning the room and arranging the flowers for a horticultural show.

"Tuesday. To-day came off the great horticultural show. Dear Aunt was up early filling her basket, which looked splendidly. Breakfast was sent to her in their midst; and then she set off in company with her flowers,

to assist in the general arrangement; for her taste is much admired here. We were employed in wreathing the chandeliers. It was a pretty idea of ropes wreathed with flowers, which she had taken from an engraving of the show in the Jardins d'hiver in Paris, and, I believe, gave universal satisfaction. At the end of the room was a flight of steps, covered with heaths; in the centre of the room under the large chandelier, was a step about a foot high, on which were placed, in a circle, six or eight baskets. Aunt's, which is very tall and slender, occupied the centre; on either side were tables laden with calceolarias, pansies, and roses. The other end was devoted to the vegetables and the cottager's table. Some of the baskets of picked flowers were arranged most beautifully, and with quite as much taste as many of the groups of flowers. Aunt was very successful; obtaining a prize for nearly everything shown.

"Towards evening, Mr. C. of St. John's, brought us the key of 'the Wilderness' which belongs to that college. Here we had a delightful ramble. The sun fast sending its last rays through the avenues of limes and

beech, produced an exquisitely soft effect. On the grass plots were hundreds of men at different games; some seated quietly at their books on the banks of the river; others but too happy to serve as guides to some party of strangers. We then went over the college, which, however dark and dingy without, is remarkably comfortable within. In the dining-hall hangs the portrait of their patron saint, Margaret, the mother of Henry VII.; also a fine one of Stillingfleet and many others of university benefactors. We returned to join a little party of good people, kindly invited to meet us. It was a very pleasant evening, spent in Christian intercourse. Here was no reserve upon religious subjects; all gladly united, not only in singing, but in speaking the praise of Him whom the Christian should never lose sight of. Mr. Carus has lent us his music-book, so you must prepare your hearts and voices for some new and choice strains.

“Wednesday. Went this morning with J—— to the national school, to carry some work. Of course we were again delighted—who could help it! to see hundreds of little creatures from the worst parish in Cambridge,



here snatched as brands from the burning. We have already received many hints as well as books, which will be found useful in the Pelham school. It is promised that we shall go some day to the repository, where we may select what we please.

“Thursday night. Heard dear Mr. C——, from the words, ‘Christ sent me not to baptize, but to preach the Gospel.’ He considered the nature of the commission, and the manner of its discharge. With what rapture did he speak of the free, full, artless words of everlasting life, and entreated the young men to be faithful in delivering them unencumbered by the trappings of oratory, or the gloss of philosophy, to souls hungering and thirsting after the bread and water of eternal life. My dear sisters, I hope we appreciate the opportunities we now enjoy of *getting* good; that when we return to labor once more, we may give proof of it by our zeal in *doing* good.”

TO HER SISTER R.

“CAMBRIDGE, June 3d.

“Many, many thanks, my precious R——, for your long letter, upon which we have been feasting for the last quarter of an hour. It gave



us an opportunity of unburdening our feelings ; for you know the heart is faithful to itself, and will but too often faint and sicken in the vain attempt to destroy the frightful distance which keeps asunder those who are but one in soul. We drew sweet comfort from the assurance that we are all in the hands of a common Father, who has always some wise purpose to answer by every step, however mysterious, which he bids his children take ; and we should be wilfully blind indeed, in not noticing how he has graciously smoothed our way, and given us favor in the eyes of all. Those dear steamers ! a thousand blessings on them now, and ten thousand when, in spite of wind and wave, they shall reunite us, no matter on which shore. \* \* \*

We are not idle observers, and I hope I may say, not prejudiced judges ; so that you shall some day be the wiser for our notes by the way.

“I truly envy you your present course of study, my dearest sister : you know well how I would enjoy it ; it is so pleasant to get hold of a new and difficult subject, and feel your energies all drawn out into new spheres by the struggle.

“My education at present is of a very different character—but very far from unnecessary ; and the events of each day only show how much more there is to be learned, if we would pass through its varied duties with ease to oneself, and without exciting the prejudices of others. I had dreaded a visit to Cambridge very much—nor was such a feeling quite amiss ; for we are obliged sometimes to mingle in some company which we cannot approve. Do not imagine for a moment that a greater knowledge of the world has created the slightest love for its vanities : no—truly, they cannot bear the looking into, and only hourly sink in my estimation ; but we came to the conclusion on Sunday, that one such blessed Sabbath could, under our unavoidable circumstances, counterbalance a whole week of vanity.

“Thursday. This morning we all visited Trinity College Chapel, to hear Mr. L. perform on the organ, as he had kindly offered to do for us. There we met a few friends. The anthems were truly grand ; the walls rang again : indeed, when he ventured to use the swell, which is the most powerful in Cambridge, the whole building seemed to tremble. They

are busy restoring the painted windows which for many years have given place to common glass. In the antechapel is a superb statue of Newton, leaning forward, with a prism in his hand: it is the most perfect thing I ever saw; you expected every moment to see the folds of the gown drawn aside, the hand to be raised, and the lips to verify the truth of the inscription beneath, 'Behold the man who exceeded in wisdom all his race.' Vis-a-vis stands the statue of Sir Francis Bacon, which seems always to give dissatisfaction: it has just been presented by the Master at an immense cost. The great objection I believe is to the position—laid seated leaning back in an old-fashioned chair. In the vestry, hung round with surplices belonging to the choristers and readers, we were shown a wonderful old tomb, erected to the first fellow-commoner of that college who came up at the age of fourteen, and died within two years; there lay the figure in gray marble, in precisely the same dress which they wear now. Over it was inscribed, "The dead *in Christ* shall rise first." This was in Greek: the rest of the inscription was in Latin; and the date A. D. 1648.

“In the evening we heard Mr. Carus. He led us into rich pastures indeed, by the prayer of Jeremiah, first chapter. His divisions were first, the recognition of God’s attributes—second, the commemoration of his promises—third, the confession of sin—fourth, the expression of desire—fifth, the success granted. He bid us beware of all levity in prayer; yet to guard as carefully against all slavish fear which casteth out love: showed how our Heavenly Father delights to be reminded of his promise, which alone can bear the fainting spirit up, while earth-born supports and pleasures crumble around; and how wisely the prophet reasoned, that because He had not been slack concerning his *threatenings*, neither would he be unmindful of his gracious *assurances*. He longed to see more *contrition of spirit*: the *broken heart* is split by one stroke of the hammer, one withering blow, and the Spirit of the Lord soon binds it up; but oh! how seldom do we find the *bruised, contrite spirit*—crushed and mangled beneath the oft-repeated, the continual conviction of sin remaining, and consequent deep and sincere self-abasement. He concluded with the opinion, that he is the truest and

most successful patriot who, in every strait, can have recourse to the King of kings, and Lord of lords.

“Just before starting for service our honored grandfather arrived; looking remarkably well after so tedious a journey. What a privilege it is only to be near this holy man of God—to hear his observations, especially at the present crisis, upon transpiring events. He keeps all readers busy, I assure you, in supplying him with the news.

“Friday. This evening we started off in company with a friend, Miss. H., to Madingley, where it is reported that Gray beheld

“The ploughman winding slowly o’er the lea.”

Oh how shall I describe that walk!—the sweet converse by the way, and the exquisite view of the dear little church buried in ivy and yew trees! It is situated in the corner of Lady C.’s Park; so that we had at the same time a fine view of the family mansion, which stands on the banks of the Cam.

A nice old woman with mob cap and clean blue apron, let us into the sacred building, where we revelled for a full hour, amid half-



defaced brasses, old-fashioned monuments, and richly-stained windows.

“The tomb of Sir Vincent Cotton, the late Admiral, is remarkably striking; over it seems to wave a splendidly carved marble flag. Another to the memory of ‘Dame Cotton,’ supports the kneeling figure engaged in prayer. ‘Mistress Cotton,’ of still more ancient date, is represented as reclining in sleep. What a hallowedness reigns within and without such a spot; around lie the villagers for many an age back, and so thickly crowded are their narrow homes that I should think the ground is raised quite two feet above its original level—but then it is the dust of father and son, of mother and child, that mingles sweetly together. One corner of the yard appeared to be devoted to the servants of the great house; the inscriptions read thus: ‘to the memory of William Phipps, for many years a faithful servant at the Mansion, this monument is erected by his friend and master;’ ‘Mark the perfect man,’ &c. After singing in this charming retreat the good old hymn ‘Glory to Thee,’ we returned home, only wishing many and many a time

that you, precious ones, could have completed our happiness.      \*      \*      \*      \*      \*

“Sunday. What privileges we have, my precious sisters, on this hallowed day. The chapel was thronged inside and out, to hear, as the paper stated it, ‘that eminent servant of God, the Rev. William Jay.’ Our party was of course scattered in every direction, throughout the congregation. I was pushed into a pew, where, for a few moments, I met with no very gentle treatment; and having one hand bound up as useless with a felon, could poorly defend myself: but soon the lady turned round and asked if my name was ‘Bolton,’—‘Yes,’ I replied. ‘Indeed!’ said she (pushing me a footstool) ‘I thought as much.—How long have you been absent?’ ‘Twelve years.’ ‘Won’t you take this hymn-book, my dear?—That is indeed a long time to have been separated from such an esteemed relative.’ So the good woman went on till I had everything I wanted—Bible, hymn-book and all! After service, when thanking her for my seat, she said ‘it was rather an honor to her; and instantly began to make known to those around her the fact that she had been so

indulged. So you see, my dears, the story of Bishop George may be true yet. Grandpapa's text was from Exodus xv. 27. The heads—first, how they *came* there ; second, what they *found* there ; third, what they *did* there. Life is a chequered scene ; they had been led through the wilderness ; had tasted the bitter waters of Marah, and now had peace and refreshment—but mark ! they only *encamped*—Canaan was their *rest*—yours, too, Christian ! lies beyond the swelling flood. Then why shrink from Jordan ? Think what it shuts you out *from* !—serpents and enemies, fatigue and distress ! And oh ! what does it shut you *into* !—The fulness of joy and pleasures for evermore !

“Once he ventured to speak of the dear ones awaiting us there : but it was too much for him ; and with a deep sigh he turned to address those who, having no high-priest to part the flood, might never, never gain that blissful shore !

“The first hymn was

‘Come thou fount of every blessing,’

and the concluding one,

‘Guide me, O thou great Jehovah !’

Was it not good for us to be there! Would that you could have shared also!"

Such were the cravings of her spiritual appetite, such not only her own hungering and thirsting after the word of truth, but her earnest desire to spread its influence, and make known to others the source of all her blessedness, that when kind friends remonstrated with her against attending to Sabbath school duties, as she was but a visitor, and her health seemed to need the relaxation, she meekly but most earnestly replied, "Oh! deprive me not of my sweetest pleasures!"

Life was to her so fleeting in its nature, and so little to be desired in itself, save as a means to a glorious end, that in the service of God she could brook no denial of its time. She scrupulously saved it from the world's dissipation that she might spend it freely for her Saviour's glory. We think we do not use language too strong, when we say that her vocation was "doing good." Her heart was open, her mind prepared, and her affections alive, to do whatever might occur in a way of duty. The young artisan does not bind himself by firmer articles to the rigid performance of his master's



work, than this young disciple devoted herself to the active service of that Divine Master, who himself went about doing good. She looked not at what she had done, but on that which there was yet to do; therefore in continuation she says:

“In the afternoon I slipped off with J—— to the Sunday school, calling for Miss W—— by the way. I was again so happy as to have Mrs. T——’s class, which I assure you it is an honor to teach; they not only know the Scriptures, but many of the number have been made by them wise unto salvation. J——’s address was upon the influences of the Holy Spirit; and particularly intended for those who had hopefully joined the church the week previous. We walked home with the W——s, and enjoyed truly spiritual converse by the way. Oh! these religious privileges! How shall we give them up! But God can supply all our need, and by his sweet presence make superfluous all earthly aids.

“In the evening we were off to St. Mary’s, and heard Mr. Carus. Here as usual we had the choicest of wheat.—The text, Deuteronomy ix. 45, 46. From the subject he endeavored to



improve the present state of the continent, as a warning to our own favored land—blessed, happy people, whose God is the Lord!”

She mourns, through the remaining part of her letter, the necessity which found her in a somewhat gay and heartless, because worldly company one evening—

“Oh! who can find pleasure in such vanity of vanities! By my singing I generally escape much of the frivolous conversation. It is quite a trial, but more than fully counterbalanced by the sweet, inestimable religious privileges which we so richly enjoy.

“What more can I say to you, my precious ones! it is no use, we cannot exist long apart, and three thousand miles is a pretty long stretch for these tender strings—too long to hold out for more than four months. May the same sweet presence be with you in which we so delight, and hope ever to find our only happiness. Ever your devoted sister.”

Again:

“June 15th.

“Since last I wrote, my precious sisters, we have been to London; seen all the wonders of that “Mammoth Town,” as Jenny Lind calls

it ; spent a very pleasant time with dear F——, and the chicks, and have once more received a hearty welcome from dear Aunt and Uncle in Cambridge.

“Is not God dealing most tenderly with us ! Beneath the shadow of his wings we compass sea and land in perfect safety ; so that even now, as the time draws near for us once more to launch forth upon the mighty deep, we can say with sweet confidence,

‘ Our steadfast hearts shall know no fear.  
Those hearts are fixed on Thee.’

We have just returned from hearing Mr. Carus ; certainly to-night he has poured out his whole soul in those sweet words of St. Paul, 2 Corinthians, xii. 7, 8, 9. He showed how pride, man’s *first* sin, was his *besetting* sin, and the *last* over which he triumphs ; and how often, when deeply humbled on account of transgression, we are actually proud of that humility. The subject divided itself naturally into the affliction, the reason, the prayer, the answer, the effect. Wisely, the particular cause of the Apostle’s distress had not been specified—whether of body or of

mind, whether personal or relative. Whom the Lord loveth he is sure to chasten, lest being lifted up with the wicked, it be but to be cast down forever. Go straight to Jesus with thy sorrows; has he not promised, 'I will *sustain* thee'—not *remove* the load, but *help thee to bear* it as the child weighed down beneath its load of infant vanities, cries out to its father for aid, he takes up the child and all into his arms. He dwelt much upon the answer. Oh! marvellous condescension! that *that* strength which laid the beams of earth and heaven, which leads captive the powers of death and hell, is perfected only through our weakness! What a paradox, the effect produced! 'He *therefore gloried* in his infirmities.' The hymn was most fitly chosen; .

'Begone unbelief, my Saviour is near.'

He is well fitted to comfort others; for at this very time he is most sorely tried on all hands, and his name cast out as evil by very many who feel self-condemned, in beholding his unwearied efforts to do good here.

"Friday. To-day has arrived a letter from home, as cold water to a thirsty soul. We re-

joyce to hear that you are all so mercifully well, and only wish we could share your labors. I somehow or other feel so *idle*, not knowing what to say, when at night the question comes, 'Soul! where hast thou gleaned to-day?' But I comfort myself with the thought that the scythe is now being sharpened to cut the better by-and-by.

"We visit the schools as often as possible, in order to learn all that may be turned to account in our own quarter, and are quite greedy after any tract or book which we should be sure to find useful. This morning I was glad to help Miss T——, Miss W——, and Miss S——, in Barnwell schools, as the district teacher is absent for a week. J—— also took a class in cyphering; and so we managed to keep the machine going. It was so delightful to be once more busily and usefully employed, and to be a fellow-laborer with those good, disinterested creatures, who, in spite of fatigue and the ridicule of the worldly, devote themselves to execute the commands of their Saviour, 'Feed my lambs.'"

An ardent lover of poetry, herself an humble favorite of the muse, we can readily

imagine her glad surprise at the discovery which follows :

“In the evening accompanied Papa to hear service in Trinity College chapel; we found the doors closed, being a little too early, and so passed under the great archway erected by Edward III., and came out upon a little church, which by its open gate seemed to invite our entrance. We went in; and as it was Saturday night, we found the pew-opener busily brushing and beating up ready for Sunday. He soon saw that we were interested in the antiquity of the place, and said if we would walk to the chancel, he thought he would show us something worth looking at. I shall never forget my surprise, when, raising the matting, he pointed to the flat, gray stone, on which is inscribed the simple name, ‘Henry Kirke White.’ Yes, just a few feet down repose those sacred remains!—but, miles above this world of sin and sorrow, we believe the happy freed spirit is at rest forever!

‘In purer skies thy radiance beams!  
Thy lyre’s employ’d on nobler themes,  
Before the eternal throne.’”



We may be pardoned perhaps a momentary interruption of the narrative by the concluding stanzas of Conder's ode, so peculiarly appropriate to our sister, as her kindred spirit gazed in pensive admiration :

“ Although with feeble wing,  
Thy flight I would pursue,  
With quicken'd zeal, with humble pride,  
Alike our object, hopes, and guide,  
One heaven alike in view :  
True, it was thine  
To tower, to shine ;  
But I may make thy milder virtues mine.

If Jesus own my name,  
(Though Fame pronounced it never,)  
Sweet spirit, not with thee alone,  
But all whose absence here I moan,  
Circling with harps the golden throne,  
I shall unite forever :  
At death, then, why  
Tremble or sigh ?  
Oh ! who would *wish to live*, but he who *fears to die* ?”

She adds in conclusion :

“ At the other end of the church are some sweet lines to his memory on a monumental tablet, with a medallion by Chantrey, which represents him as very youthful and interest-

ing in appearance. It was erected by Francis Booth, Esq., of Boston, United States.

‘Far o’er th’ Atlantic wave,  
A wanderer came, and sought the Poet’s grave;  
On yon low stone, he saw his lonely name,  
Then raised this fond memorial to his fame.’

“Here also we were shown one of the Bibles which they used to chain in their churches. It was published in Switzerland, being a translation from the Latin. ‘Let us thank God,’ said the good old sexton, ‘his word aint bound now-a-days.’ True, my good man; but let us take heed that while it has free course, it may be *glorified amongst us*. We turned towards Trinity chapel, and heard one of Handel’s splendid anthems from the communion service.”

True as the needle to the pole, we have our sister turning again to her Sabbath privileges in the next.

“Sunday morning. Heard Mr. Carus from The baptism of Christ. The subject divided itself first into the united, and then into the distinct acts of the Trinity—the submission of Christ—the presence of the Spirit—and the at-

testation of the Father. ‘Amid the crowd of publicans who pressed to the sacred ordinance, behold the spotless Jesus too disdaining not to come, that he may fulfil all righteousness.’ How readily does the Spirit witness with our spirit that we are the sons of God.

“The afternoon was spent at the school. Papa addressed the children; the crowd was so great that one of the teachers fainted, and was obliged to be carried out. All seemed delighted, and were attention itself. At dinner a note had been handed to Papa from Mr. Carus, to say, that as he could not be in Cambridge the following morning, to meet us as proposed, he hoped we would all come into Trinity College after church and take tea with him, as during the vacation there were not men enough up to address as usual. He gave us a delightful sermon from Eph. ii. 18; showed how the middle wall of partition is now done away, and how through the rent in the veil of the temple, all might now behold the Holy of holies. But he charged us most solemnly not to abuse the freedom of access by rushing heedlessly into the divine presence; we can

only venture to approach by the 'blood of sprinkling—by the true and living way.'

"After service we repaired to his rooms in college, and enjoyed a blessed time indeed. It was good to be there. Oh! that by frequent intercourse with such exalted Christians, we may imbibe somewhat of their spiritual-mindedness. Let us no more be satisfied, my dear sisters, with low attainments; but covet earnestly *the best gifts*. I know that it is easy enough to say all this; but how difficult to realize practically that we are not straitened in Him, 'in whom are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge.'

"Monday evening. Spent in Catherine Hall with Mr. H——, a Fellow. Here was gathered quite a little band of Christians, all truly pious people. The evening concluded with prayer and a short exposition from Papa, and that charming hymn,

'There is a fountain filled with blood,'

to the tune Devizes, played by dear Mrs. M——.

"Oh that we may make the most of our present privileges, to kindle our own flame of

love, that we may cheer up your desponding hearts when we meet again."

But one other extract must suffice, from her last letter, to prove the reality and practical nature of her religion as her animating motive, her predominating principle and pursuit; as much as worldly things would be the motive and the pursuit of others.

"Saturday. Went this afternoon with J—— to visit a poor woman who has just come out of the hospital. She suffers the most excruciating pains, and all without a murmur; while the praises of her Saviour are continually upon her lips. J—— is reading to her the Pilgrim's Progress, and her comments upon it are most surprising. Surely God hath chosen the weak things of this world to confound the mighty. She says the gowmsmen are so exceedingly kind in visiting her, praying with her, and expounding the Scriptures. Miss W. too, often comes in and sings to her. Oh! happy woman! She need not fear the swelling of Jordan; the feet of her High Priest have already touched and parted the flood!"

Is it to be wondered at that in writing to others of such a sister, and constant compan-



ion, her brother should say, "She is inexpressibly lovely! There is such a peculiar intelligence about her eyes, and such sweet simplicity of voice and manner. Truly she is a bright and shining light, just what a young Christian ought to be. We have the most delightful walks and talks together, often to the Sunday and week-day schools. The children really look upon her as an angel. But there—I must cease extolling the creature, and rather thank our Heavenly Father for giving us such a treasure, and impressing upon her features so much of his own likeness. I can truly say in Scripture language, 'This same has comforted me concerning my work, and the toil of my hands.'"

Referring now to the then sacred pleasures of this visit, and their parting, each unconscious of the future that awaited them, well might her brother apply the poet's words:—

"Brilliant and beautiful!—and can it be  
That in thy radiant eye there dwells no light!  
Upon thy cheek no smile! I little deemed  
At our last parting, when thy cheering voice  
Breathed the soul's harmony, what shadowy form  
Then rose between us, and with icy dart

Wrote 'Ye shall meet no more.' I little deemed  
That thy elastic step, Death's darkened vale  
Would tread before me.

Sister ! I shrink to say  
Farewell to thee ! \* \* \* \* \*  
' A healing essence, and a strengthening charm  
Next to the hope of heaven'—such was thy love,  
Departed and deplored ! Talents were thine  
Lofty and bright—the subtle shaft of wit,  
And that keen glance of intellect which reads,  
Intuitive, the deep and mazy springs  
Of human action. Yet such meek regard  
To others' feelings, such a simple grace  
And singleness of purpose, such respect  
To woman's noiseless duties sweetly blent,  
And tempered those high gifts, that every heart  
That feared their power, loved their goodness too !"

Nor do we think the testimony of her honored grandfather should be withheld: when writing to the *mother*, on the eve of her sailing from Liverpool, taking by letter a farewell he could not bear in person, he says of the *daughter*, "It seemed natural that we should admire *you* ; but how did we admire your *child* ! you know I am not always, nor easily, pleased with the young of our day ; but Abby ! completely satisfied me—and I longed to give her also the parting kiss—but knew not how to do it !"

This closes the account of her visit to England. It had afforded her the purest earthly enjoyment in many sacred privileges, and in delightful interviews with beloved friends of earlier days—christian friends and dear relatives. These farewell visits, as they have proved to be, will be remembered by many with no common interest; and it will be pleasant to them to reflect how much they soothed her in her gentle decline through the scenes which followed.

## CHAPTER III.

### Return to Duty.

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"Behold here am I, let Him do to me as seemeth good unto Him."
2 Sam. xv. 26.

"'Tis thine to number out our days;
Ours to give them to thy praise;
Love is our only business here,
Love, simple, constant and sincere.
O blessed days thy servants see
Spent, O Lord, in pleasing thee."

~~~~~  
COWPER'S GUILD.

WITH strangely conflicting feelings the party returned to America—those left seemed as yet to apprehend no evil, those who awaited their arrival in blissful ignorance indulged only pleasing anticipations of reunion; but those who journeyed with the cherished object, felt a sadness brooding over their hearts which no change could dispel. It only gathered strength as the wasted form re-entered the dwelling from which but so few months previous, it had gone forth in all the apparent roundness of health and sprightliness of youthful energy. The shock to those at home in

thus meeting her, was very great; they felt a strong, an irresistible conviction, that an insidious and fatal disease was at work blighting this lovely bud of promise that it might only open

“Where fragrant flow’rs immortal bloom,  
And joys supreme are given.”

Amidst all the pleasures and excitements of her arrival, the bustle and necessary occupations of home, her heart, true to its object, forgets not to pour forth in a lively, simple strain its grateful praise to God, and sympathy for her fellow-man. She thus writes to her brother in England.

“Would you believe it possible! those roguish sisters of ours have been trying to persuade me that it is quite unnecessary to write by this steamer, arguing that you would not expect a letter from me yet awhile, even insinuating that having seen me so lately you would hardly care for anything I might have to say; and all this I believe for the selfish and simple reason that they would like me to join the social party below—some drawing, some working. But my dearest, I know by this



time the heart of a stranger, and can feel most truly for one who, having an equal right to share in these home privileges, is called by duty to forego them all. I thought the steamer would arrive—you would hurry home to your little sanctuary—glance eagerly toward your table—miss something that ought to be there—and then you might, and justly too, say, ‘Yet did not the chief butler remember Joseph—but forgot him.’ But this can never, never be the case while you are so constantly in our thoughts, and your name so frequently upon our lips. Well, I suppose, your thoughts and your prayers were often with us upon the blue ocean—urging the wheel—lulling the hard winds—cooling the burning brow—and supporting the fainting spirit. Is it not delightful to think that increasing distance only seems to augment our love—as *the tighter the knot the further the cord is pulled*. I was a little lonely on board, though sea-sickness scarcely gave me time to think of it. \* \* \* \*

“The fogs at Halifax kept us back; so that the fortnight was completed before we arrived in New York harbor. I shall never forget the ecstasy when they told us land was really in

sight ; nor how lovely that land appeared after gazing upon nothing but the cheerless waters for fourteen long days. The bay is certainly most magnificent, and astonished those who beheld it for the first time. We sailed in about 10 o'clock ; having taken our pilot at midnight. It was a most charming day ; and though nature had evidently suffered much from the late drought, yet the shores to our weary and longing eyes presented a most inviting prospect. \* \* \* But what shall I say of our feelings on reaching home that afternoon, when the precious ones all ran out to meet us ! For some time no one could speak, so overcome were we with the thoughts of God's increasing goodness to our highly favored family ! ' Surely it has followed us all the days of our life ! ' May these lives be devoted to Him !

" How calmly did the sweet Sabbath dawn ; and in what pure and sanctified enjoyment did its holy hours fly by : yet it seemed too short indeed for all the songs of praise which we felt constrained by all the mercies of God to offer up—not only in the house of prayer, but at the family altar. Mr. H. preached in the morning, taking up a collection for the mission

in Africa. In the afternoon we had quite a good school. Of course the children were charmed to excess to have back their superintendent and their teacher; wanted to know all about the little children in England, whether they learnt hymns and catechism like themselves, and if they, too, gave a cent every Sunday to the heathen.

“In the evening, Papa preached to an attentive and interested congregation.”

On Tuesday afternoon, the third day after their arrival, in the same letter, she says, “R. and I have been out all the morning, calling upon the cottagers, and making arrangements in the school-house, which is being painted and whitewashed for the first time since it was built; so that they may begin school again on Monday, after a holyday of a fortnight. Our own great business wheel will begin to turn next week; and we shall then have but little time to think of anything but the sober, stern realities of life. But I must close—my precious brother—what shall I say to you! May you enjoy every spiritual blessing which our heavenly Father can bestow, and all the temporal gifts he sees best to confer. Remember ‘He

doeth all things well ;' and never forget at a throne of grace, as you are not forgotten,

“ Your devoted sister.”

Once more, in a note to a lady, who, struck with her singing as she listened to her plaintive ballad the evening before she sailed, had most kindly sent her a small token of the pleasure she had received, she writes by the same steamer :—

“ I need not assure you how very unexpected and kind was your remembrance of one so little known to you, and so entirely unworthy a place in your thoughts and affections. Our hearts were very sad just then ; for many dear ties, only strengthened by our late happy reunion, had once more to be severed ! At such a time, the kind wishes and prayers of our beloved friends were most welcome ; and we were graciously enabled ‘ to cast all our care upon Him who careth for us,’ and who—remember, ‘ Doeth all things well.’ Nor has he made us ashamed of our hope,—within a fortnight from the day of sailing we were once more in our happy home, finding all in peace and safety. Surely ‘ goodness and mercy have followed us all the days of our life.’ ”



Once more at home and happy only in active employment, her health yet permitted her to resume many of her accustomed duties. On the first Sabbath, her voice took its usual lead in singing the praises of God in the sanctuary. Her Sunday scholars gathered around her with increased interest. Her French classes, her music and painting through the week, these occupations enlivened with social pleasures—the Dorcas meeting, and frequent visits to the poor and sick, formed the quiet and unobtrusive round of duties which occupied her from her return until Christmas—through the fall of 1848. We say quiet and unobtrusive, because averse to anything like display; her retiring benevolence sought always the shade of secrecy. Were the poor and the sick visited,—it was alone. Her record, therefore, is only on high—“Sick, and ye visited me.”

If, as Hannah More observes, “The *principle* is the test of the action,” then did our sister almost hourly show forth her piety by the disposition in which the quiet and unobserved actions of her duty were performed. For with lovely meekness of spirit, united with great ripeness of judgment, she sought diligently to



fill her station in a life to which God had been pleased in his wise providence to call her; showing an active virtue ready *to do all*, and a passive virtue ready *to bear all*, with every faculty stretched in the service of her Lord, and yet every thought brought into obedience to His will. The buckling-to to the same thing day after day with little or no excitement from her fellow-creatures' gaze—the wear and tear of mind and body—the constant tax upon faith and patience—these furnished not only a fair test of her principles, but a glorious means of conformity to her glorious Head; and, doubtless, they will yet be found unto praise, and honor, and glory at His appearing.

But an extract of her own selection will best illustrate her standard of principle and action under those trying circumstances.

“How much wisdom it needs daily and hourly to discover existing claims upon the present moment—to hush nature and hear peace—to stand ready among Mary’s servants with that one order, ‘*Whatsoever* He saith unto you, do it.’ How easy to see, when the time is gone by, what ought to have been done; how uncommon to be of quick under-

standing in discovering, and of a ready mind in performing. 'The work of a day, in his day' is fitted as precisely as the strength required; and if we think we have more than we can do or bear, it is because yesterday's undone work, and yesterday's untransferred burden have got into the wrong place,—or it is that we are rebelliously lading to-day with the employment and cares of to-morrow. Never come out of one duty with your hand stained with the blood of another. Oh, I have often had bloody hands, while poor, slain or maimed duties have been lying around me, and I was bustling on to one which I considered of more importance. But duty is duty: and each has its place; and we shall make but a skeleton piece of work if we attend only to outlines, and neglect filling up. Some mornings, I must acknowledge, I have had such a crush of occupations before me, that I have felt almost ready to sink with the weight upon my bed, crying, 'Who is sufficient?' I have been girded with strength by the sweet assurance, His hands *shall* be sufficient for him—nothing to spare, but *sufficient*. With this I spring up, and endeavor to undertake the

day, not by the day, no, nor by the hour, but just by the moment. I find if I put two moments together, they are too heavy for me; but just as my father gives them to me, one by one. I can fly lightly along with them, and do all that he has before ordained that I should do, and all the rest is wood, and hay, and stubble."

But many weeks of this apparent energy and activity did not pass, before it was increasingly evident to those who anxiously and daily watched her, that she gradually declined. In spite of medical skill, with its gentle means and strict attention to diet and exercise, her lagging step in walking and increasing emaciation, too plainly reiterated the truth,—“The flower fadeth!”

From this time her steps descend—the shadows of the valley lengthen—the mists increase.

But did she shrink? Was she affrighted? No, truly; but grasping her pilgrim staff with a more resolute and steady hand, she calmly advanced, *walking* in the footsteps of her shepherd—not impatiently hastening on, nor yet reluctantly advancing, but deliberately

surveying the valley as she entered it—delighting always to contemplate the land beyond, to which she was assured she was going, and marvellously supported as she cast around her farewell look on friends and scenes beloved—her faith exclaimed in view of all, “I will fear no evil.”

Would we know the ground of this confidence? Let another of her extracts explain it.

“He knoweth my frame; all my desire is before Him; and thanks to His wisdom and love, he puts no trust in me, so that I cannot disappoint Him, I cannot deceive Him, and I cannot, therefore, be left of Him for one moment. Oh the horror that would overwhelm me if he told me he meant to trust me for one moment, or to leave me to take one step by myself! But this is not the manner of our God, therefore I walk before Him with joyfulness and gladness of heart, and while He is my glorious reward, He will also ‘be my fore-runner,’ trying every step ere he suffers me to set my foot upon it.”

With such an assurance, is it to be wondered at that our sainted sister could affirm with the Psalmist, “I will fear no evil?” or that in the



language of the following chosen paragraph she should calmly say, "Never, I think, did I close a year with such quietness and confidence of spirit, such peace of mind, such freedom from care, such a cheering sense of my Beloved. A chequered year, indeed, it has been; but its stormy waves have owned their Maker's voice, and that Maker is my Husband. He has shown a special regard to our parterre this year, and would gather lilies from it. Shall we grudge Him his nosegay? My nest is indeed well feathered, and I have scarcely felt the thorn which the hand of love has entwined in it. One, however, I know there must be, and the closer I nestle the sooner I shall find it. Those, of course, feel it least who sit loosest, or stand on the edge of their nest, pluming their wings for flight."

One remark here respecting these extracts may serve to explain for all. They are taken from one work entitled "Miss Plumtree's letters,"—published only in England. A copy had been given our sister, on leaving that country in August; it was her constant companion through all her sickness. She was never seen to make the selection, but as it was done



by her hand, apparently as occasion required, and left as a diary would be to others, it was doubtless intended that they should speak for her, to our comfort and profit: with this view we use them, it is hoped for more general good. The peculiar circumstance is strikingly characteristic of our sister's retiring disposition, which at any time preferred another's language rather than her own. In *action* she was prompt and forward; none could surpass her—but in *words* few. The eye ever spoke more than the tongue.

The year 1848 closed upon our family circle as yet unbroken, though the worn and weakened link excited all our worst forebodings. It was strangely difficult in this our first great trial to cultivate a quiet confidence in Him, who not only has all power in heaven and earth, but who would thus bring us into "the land of the Chaldeans" only for our good.

Another of her extracts, addressed to a sister, and singularly appropriate to the season and its circumstances, must be allowed to speak for her, and explain if possible a peace which passed all understanding, and kept her mind stayed upon God.

“When I let nature realize where and what you are at the opening of this year, I am smitten and sore wounded, yea, my heart within me is desolate. But come, thou blessed evidence of things not seen! come and draw the picture, and I shall see that you never yet entered on a year with so bright or cheering a prospect. Our nest has been stirred up indeed; but when the eagle will not suffer her young to remain in the nest, *she spreadeth* abroad her wings, *taketh* them, *beareth* them on her wings. And shall we complain, because called upon to exchange a poor nest of sticks and thorns for the soft feathers of the Lord’s wing? Is it better to be left tossing on this restless rest, than to dwell all day long between his shoulders? O my sister! he doeth thee no wrong. If he flutter over thee, it is that he may more entirely bear the burden of thee. If he take away thy sister a few months before he take thee, it is that thou may’st find a double friend in Him. Do you think it is all well with me because I thus speak? Nay, the flesh lusteth against the spirit—so that I cannot think or act the thing that I would, however I may speak; and I am humbled in knowing

what the struggle is within. I do abhor myself inexpressibly for my coldness and apathy, instead of more devoted service. I am stupidly taken up in looking at the little speck of a separation—nothing, just nothing; instead of dwelling on the blessed prospect of being forever in the same happy, happy home. I sometimes wonder how anything but a tear of joy can be manufactured in me.

“I do bless my God, for all that he has hitherto done for you ; I do see that he is faithful, that hath promised strength equal to your day. May he enable you yet more and more, to look unto him, and you will indeed be lightened in the thickest gloom—you will evidence that the believer walks by faith and not by sight, that he has meat to eat that the world knows not of, and joy that a stranger doth not meddle with. The Lord grant you a treble portion of His Spirit. I find those nicely quieting words when something whispers I am greatly afflicted—‘It is of the Lord’s mercies that we are not consumed.’”

## CHAPTER IV.

### *Visits from Home.*

~~~~~  
"The Lord shall preserve thy going out, and thy coming in, from this time forth and for evermore."—Ps. cxxi. 8.

"Hast thou not given thy word
To save my soul from death?
And I can trust my Lord
To keep my mortal breath.
I'll go and come,
Nor fear to die,
Till from on high
Thou call me home."

WATTS.

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FEELING sensible, beyond any further disguise, of her increasing weakness and inability to continue her share of labor, yet unwilling to yield to inactivity and repose, while any means were left untried to strengthen her, our sister desired earnestly to visit among her friends in Brooklyn. Her parents, still hoping, though still deceived, that a change of scene and air, with entire relaxation from the cares and anxieties of home, might indeed prove beneficial, consented.

She much enjoyed again the opportunities

thus afforded by a city life, of close attendance upon the various religious services of the Sabbath and week-days. Her friend bears testimony to her peculiar love for the prayer-meetings: while the superintendent of the Sabbath school, a stranger to her, was heard to refer to *her* as a model of “the *faithful, earnest, teacher.*” While here, at the urgent request of friends and her own desire, she was placed under new medical treatment. It required much effort and exposure; and finding from the first that her strength only continued to decline, while the new and alarming symptoms of a cough and pain in the hip appeared, it was deemed advisable promptly to withdraw her from the treatment, and call in other medical advice.

A consultation was held: her lungs were sounded; and all agreeing that as yet there was no evidence of active disease but such extreme debility of all the vital organs as would render it critical for even a cold to be taken, while exercise in the open air *must* be secured, she was gratified by the promise of an immediate visit to the south.



Writing home at this time, and alluding to herself, she says :

“To what different duties are we called—*you* to *act*, and *I* to *bear*. I assure you, what I feel most is the necessity of keeping quiet, and being a mere looker-on—of seeing others burdened with duties I once was happy in sharing; but it is doubtless all for the best, and will work together for my real good.”

Her birthday passed during this absence from home. Thus reaching the last mile-stone on the road of life—recognizing it as such, assured that she was now very near to her “Father’s house”—“to the rest that remaineth,” it may be supposed that now, if ever, holy thoughts would have stirred her to write her reflections: but no; in her own peculiar, quiet way, she puts forth another extract from a letter to a sister, as entirely expressive of her own views and feelings.

“Oh! that my own cold heart may be warmed on this my birthday. It is not many years since God gave me being, and fewer still ‘since the hand of covenant-love let down the curtain, and shut out the fair prospect of earthly shadows.’ It is not many years since, to my

weary, wandering, tearful eyes, the veil of the temple was rent from the top to the bottom, and the sweet sound was heard, 'Come in, thou blessed of the Lord—wherefore standest thou without?' It is not many years ago since the Lord, the King, set the vilest of my Father's house among them that did eat at his own table. After such matchless, free love, what right had I to cry any more unto the King, had he stripped me of all, and bid me travel on alone, and desolate, to the home which He had prepared for me? But this was but the beginning of mercies to me. Had I been then told that every brother, every sister, and both my parents, should sit with me at the banquet which the King had prepared, I should scarcely have conceived it possible that an earthly tabernacle could have contained a heart so loaded with benefits—that anything short of the hallelujahs of heaven could have satisfied my bursting soul. My soul, my soul! how can'st thou forget such benefits, or remain so cold under the remembrance of them! Nor would I stop at calling mercy. Oh! the miracle, the hourly miracle, of keeping, restoring, restraining mercy. \* \* \* All above,

and all below, cry now with redoubled power, 'Onward, onward!' \* \* \* I would leave you all in the hands of Him who has loved you so much longer, so much better than I have. If health, if ease be good, God will not withhold them. If weakness and pain are good, I would not ask God to withhold them.

"I have now but a small share of strength, it is true: but He kindly shows me it is quite enough; more would be poison to the *inner* man. My independent spirit is thus kept dependent, and He thus makes me cling continually to the posts of his doors, waiting for a supply of hourly strength for hourly work. When I think I have a little hoard, and devise great things, I am soon laid very low. Blessed, blessed Keeper, truly he does keep me every moment. I have no complaint but weakness, which keeps me clinging to my Father, and I do not ask to have it otherwise. I would only desire as much strength as will glorify him."

Speaking of the attentions she received from those around her, she writes gratefully, "I know not how I shall ever leave them. They are kindness itself to me, and so tender of my feelings: of course I never can repay

*this*, because it is so peculiarly refined; but they seem sufficiently recompensed in having made me so happy, and I shall never cease to remember, and be most grateful for it all."

"If there was any one thing," say these friends, "more peculiarly striking than another, it was the spirit of prayer, which seemed like an atmosphere to surround her."

Yes, having loved the mercy-seat in health, she found ready access to it in the time of need. To her it was the alone happy spot on earth; for she knew and felt that the covenant only, of grace and love, was around it.

She was at this time suffering much from acute pain and sleepless nights, which now rapidly reduced her strength. To her young friend she spoke with composure and certainty, of her's being a "sickness unto death." Though this seems to be the first time she ever *expressed* her conviction, yet we can find no evidence that, for nearly a year previous to this, she had a thought or even a wish to recover. Alluding at this time to a future place, she added, "*If* I should recover—not that I wish it for myself.' No, debarred as she now was from any Christian privilege and enjoy-

ment in public—loving as she had done so devotedly the earthly courts of her God—she could now only long for the time when her eyes would see Him, when she should behold the King in his beauty, when she should no longer carry a body of sin to an impure temple, but, when with a spiritual body she should awake up in His likeness, and serve him in that glorious temple where no unclean thing can enter, where we shall no more go out—no weak body, no aching head—where the inhabitant shall no more say, “I am sick.”

On Monday, March the 5th, she was brought home. After spending a week of much suffering there, enduring severe paroxysms of pain from a cause quite unknown, and busied in the preparation for her southern journey, she started, accompanied by a sister and brother. This separation was indeed one of the most bitter drops in the cup of trial that her surviving friends have been called to drink; but her own earnest request, and the repeated assurances of friends and physicians, that it was desirable, and indeed a necessary precaution against the trying spring weather, brought our minds at last to acquiesce in the



plan. Her own unruffled calmness through the painful scene of parting was most extraordinary. While silence sealed her lips, her heart pondered the love that was thus afflicting, and her hope cast anchor upon the blessed assurance, "He doeth all things well." Her faith kept even the outward man stayed upon her God; as though she had uttered, rather than simply chosen, the following extract appropriate to this trying hour:—

"One who loves you infinitely better than I, but with infinitely wise love, may be preparing to send you a roll, written within and without—a roll which he will spread before you—a roll wherein are written lamentation, mourning, and woe. But dry your eyes, loved ones, and gaze upon the hand that spreads it. Do you see the print of the nail and can you ask, 'Lovest thou me?' Ah! did you get a glimpse of his heart—did you observe the reluctance there—the unwillingness—the affliction in *all* your afflictions? Did you not see the other hand pointing to 'the *end* of the Lord,' showing you that he was only bringing about the very thing you have so often asked for? Yes, if he has a dismal roll to spread before you, it

shall be so lighted and gilded with rays of love and glory, you shall almost forget that it is a cloud, while it does but set off those wondrous rays. Now, do settle it in your hearts, not to meditate beforehand upon what may be in this roll, or in that cloud. You cannot get strength, and joy, and peace in *anticipation*, but *with* the trial they will be sure to come."

So she believed, and so she acted—with a settled, calm demeanor, that imparted strength to the beholder: and what was the result?

"When I parted from you, my loved ones, I felt indeed for a few moments as an unsupported reed, shaken by the wind; but, blessed be God! I was enabled to flee to the secret of the pavilion of love set apart for the day of trouble; everlasting arms were placed around me, and the sweet whisper of the Friend that sticketh closer than the most affectionate of earthly friends, 'I will not leave thee comfortless, I will come unto thee.' was as the south wind breathing upon my garden, and causing the spices of praise and thanksgiving to flow forth. The spirit of heaviness was comparatively dispersed, and the garment of praise seemed to clothe me."

From the time she started, she seemed only to revive. Nearly a fortnight was passed in Philadelphia, in the house of a very kind friend, whom God had interested for this our precious invalid—receiving kindness and attention on every hand, returning as she was able the civilities shown her from society, sharing with others, to a limited extent, the pleasures of sight-seeing, and again enjoying, above all, the rich religious privileges that favored city affords.

An extract from a letter home, the last she was ever permitted to write, will prove by its sprightliness how entirely the mind triumphed over the body, affection for others, over self-gratification: for while apparently enjoying with her kind friends all rational and simple pleasures, with, perhaps, a greater show of energy and spirit than some in perfect health, she was still suffering acute pain in her hip, could only walk with difficulty, and was literally wearing out with a succession of sleepless nights. Yet so far from complaint—even from speaking about herself—she makes but one slight allusion to her state, lest those “too dear” should be pained on her account.

“I should have written before, were it only to assure you that I am still in the land of the living ; but R—— and W—— being able to do so much more in the way of sight-seeing than my troublesome lameness will allow, I thought it better that they should inform you of all that is to be seen and heard in this delightful city,—for you must know we have lost our hearts here ; though to be sure, that is natural enough in the city of ‘Brotherly Love.’ The quiet and order observable, both in the public buildings and in the streets, the domestic comfort and hospitality, which is here everywhere met with, contrast strikingly with the coldness and heartlessness of New York—as you can imagine. Certainly we have been very favorably situated for strangers ; but the rich *religious* privileges which abound, are open to all. Yesterday our kind host, seeing the interest we took in everything connected with natural philosophy, said he had a small collection of shells, made by his family in Cuba, to any duplicates of which we were most welcome. They were accordingly brought down ; and as the day proved wet, the selection has given us some very pleasant amusement. But such



generous licenses only make one the more delicate in accepting; so you must not expect great things in either sense of the word. You can imagine how difficult it was for me to keep my hands from picking and stealing. I fancied how sweetly they might be grouped on paper; and really believe I only coveted them for *some useful end*."

So that even on this ordinary occasion, in spite of weakness which naturally leads to repose, or of suffering which engenders and almost excuses selfishness, or the manifest uncertainty of her life which itself annihilates plans, our sister could not divert her mind from the one great object of life, "a useful end." The principle implanted in early childhood by parental discipline and prayer, and kept in due exercise through every day of her life, had become thus a *habit*. Each *act* strengthening the inclination, added vigor to the *principle*, and pleasure to the *performance*, till "to do good," "to be useful," was as much her motive, her principle, her pursuit, as worldly things are the predominating motive, principle, and pursuit of the thousands who daily sacrifice at Fashion's shrine.



Of shells she was peculiarly fond, and excelled greatly in painting them from Nature. Indeed any branch of Natural Science, or Philosophy, from the heavens above to the treasures of the ocean's depth beneath, did not fail to excite her simple and pure taste, and afford her abiding interest.

New medical advice was taken during their stay in Philadelphia; former opinions were confirmed, and a removal, still further south, was urged. Calling to take leave of a Christian friend, the conversation turned upon death—a familiar subject to our sister's mind, never shunned, nor at all dreaded. On this occasion she expressed frankly her opinion that a Christian ought not to have a fear of dying; said it had long been taken from her. The assurance that even "Death was hers," and that this with the "all things else," would work together for her good, was unspeakably precious to her. With perfect confidence she could say and feel—

"There is a secret in the ways of God  
With his own children, which none others know,  
That sweetens all he does; and if such peace,  
While under his afflicting hand, we find,

What will it be to see Him as He is,  
And past the reach of all that now disturbs  
The tranquil soul's repose?—To contemplate  
In retrospect unclouded, all the means  
By which his wisdom has prepar'd his saints  
For the vast weight of glory which remains!  
Come then, Affliction, if my Father bids,  
And be my frowning friend; a friend that frowns  
Is better than a smiling enemy."

So believing, her bright Hope was ever winging itself for glory: often was she expressing her desire to be "*at home*" in heaven.

Following the medical advice they had sought, they again set forth. A long day's journey brought the travellers to Baltimore. This ride she seemed much to enjoy, noticing continually the new beauties through which they passed, and really appearing less fatigued at the journey's end than those in health who accompanied her. The next day was the Sabbath. Truly did she rejoice, and was glad, for the sweet rest it afforded her—not hailed as a rest for the body, but the mind—rest from the thoughts, the hurry, and the confusion of earth; for notwithstanding the long journey, which alone was sufficient to induce her, and a suffering and wasting frame

which surely would excuse her from moving out, yet neither rain, nor earnest entreaties could keep her back from the much loved House of God. She was delighted with the sermon from Dr. Johns, on those precious words, "He made him to be sin for us, who knew no sin." The simplicity, yet depth of his reasoning peculiarly struck her. The subject itself was most grateful to her, "The love of God!"—the *great* love wherewith he loved us! as in another of her extracts she would exclaim, "What a happy study will this be for an uninterrupted eternity! Here when we think we have got on a little in the sweet lesson, one little cloud comes, and is enough to blot it all out, and leave us as though we had never known a letter of it. I, who can write of it now, and in some small degree realize it, may to-morrow be grieving his loving heart by questioning if it be really so,—needing line upon line, promise upon promise, with a bright sunshiny day to enable me to make out one word of the lesson, of which I thought I knew a great deal but a little while ago."

She was much distressed at the dinner table, by the conduct, and ungodly conversation of a

party who sat opposite to her. While she pitied the poor souls thus trifling on the brink of eternity, a feeling of deep gratitude was awakened for herself, as she reviewed the distinguishing grace which had so undeservedly made her to differ. A continuance of the rain prevented her from going again to church. Two days were passed pleasantly in Baltimore, visiting some buildings of interest abroad, and happy at home in the pleasing but passing acquaintance of a young lady, herself a traveller.

Finding her apparently much better, her sister remarked to her, "If you continue thus to improve, we shall soon be able to return home refreshed, to the help of those on whom so much has devolved,"—but here a painful chord was struck—the active spirit fettered by the body, groaned, being burdened. "Think, dear," she replied with emotion, "if you feel so anxious after so short a rest, what must *I* have endured so long in being laid aside from anything like active usefulness. For months to have been idle!" "There are times when the gales of self will blow so strongly—when I struggle so hard to get the rudder out of my blessed Pilot's hand, that measuring his



thoughts and ways by my own, I am almost led to conclude, he cannot be a *just* God, if he leave me not to myself, and break not my stubborn will, by suffering me to split upon some dangerous rock. But no—he cannot—he will not. The covenant of peace cannot be removed. *Be still*, and know that I am God. My strength shall be made perfect in *weakness*.” So was her impatience checked by the faith of this extract. Activity was her pleasure, idleness her pain, but God’s will the divine regulator of her life.

Passing on to Washington, the travellers arrived there on Tuesday the 27th, in a very unseasonable snow-storm; this, with an increase of pain by a severe felon on the finger, to one who was already so weak that even the grasshopper was a burden, seemed to chill her interest. Yet she did not repine. Faith recognized a necessity in all—humility acknowledged its deservings. “It is with the *thorns* of the wilderness, and with *briers*, we must be taught *that* which we could not learn on a bed of roses.”

She visited as she was able the Capitol and other public buildings; seemed to enjoy



much the society of the Hotel, was evidently much pleased with the kindness, which here, as indeed everywhere else, she so invariably drew from strangers—'twas but to see her, and the heart rested on and entirely loved her.

While here she received tidings from home of the dangerous illness, but safe recovery of her loved, absent brother in England, and an account of the happy death of a much respected servant in the family. While her feelings rested in quiet gratitude for the restoration of the one, her interest, by reason of her own prospect, was repeatedly manifested in allusions to the now perfected happiness of the other—"Think of her! how happy! She is at rest now!" were her constant ejaculations in meeting or in passing—not for one day only, but for weeks after. As if in the language of another extract she had said,

"What a world of partings this is! Do but think of being in a country where no such sounds have ever been heard, nor ever will be; where health shall spring forth as spontaneously as sickness does here, and where the atmosphere chases away all pain, all sickness, all sorrow, all sighing, all death; and that

is our own dear country, our purchased possession, sure and steadfast as the throne of God; and yet a little day and we are all there; there to go no more out; there with all we have loved in Christ below; there with our 'altogether lovely' One."

So clear were her evidences, so sure her title to this glory, through Christ who had loved her, that she was constantly quoting lines and verses of her favorite poetry, expressive of her rejoicing and longing to be there too—"at home in heaven."

She was so anxious to leave Washington, that on the 29th they passed on to Alexandria, where she expected to find a more congenial atmosphere, in a circle of Christian friends—strangers in the flesh, but united in one hope of their calling: their society, therefore, was much to be desired.

So man proposes, but it is God who disposes; and now in infinite wisdom he prevented much of her anticipated enjoyment after a long and painful journey, by a great increase of suffering on the very day after her reaching Alexandria. New and alarming symptoms appeared, which at once defeated the plan of passing the Sab-

bath at the Theological Seminary, two miles out of the town. It was a great disappointment, but meekly submitted to by one whose will was God's. Her lameness increasing with her disease, she was able from this time to take but little exercise on foot. Resting through Saturday, on the Sunday she had rallied sufficiently to attend church twice in Alexandria; but it was too much: through the afternoon service, her suffering could not be concealed from the anxious eyes that watched her.

If at any time our sister had entertained a thought of recovery, it was certainly given up at this time; for now she spoke confidently of her death, recognized dropsy as its herald to prepare her, and, as she afterwards told us, thought she should never have seen again her earthly home. The idea was painful, in a land of strangers; it was, however, but a passing cloud: soon all was apparently serene and calm as ever; nature rallied quickly from the shock the summons had given—the conviction was ever after abiding, “He doeth all things well!”

In the triumphant language of another of her extracts, hear her exclaim—

“I can *now* set to my seal that God is true. He hath dealt wondrously with me. I dare not open my mouth in repinings. And methinks if I had heard a decree concerning my loved ones, ‘You must not meet again, until they sit down with you on my throne of glory,’ I could yet kiss the rod and say, ‘Even so, Father, if so it seem good in thy sight. Thou who hast led me so gently, so tenderly, can’st have nothing but purposes of love towards me—not as *I* will, but as thou wilt.’ I would fain hope that God has now placed me on a loftier bough, nearer to my last nest, while he every now and then stirs me up, exercises my little pinions, and commissions the whistling wind and falling leaves to whisper to his little nestler, ‘This is not your rest, because it is polluted.’”

So did our sister kiss the rod; clinging but the more closely, and seeing but the more clearly the hand of the reconciled and loving Father that uplifted it. Thus sweet did she find it to rest in Him, and on Him, as every other prop gave way.

On Monday morning she was able to accompany our kind friend, Dr. P., to his house



adjoining the Seminary. Here a pleasant week opened before her. It was Easter: this gave her the opportunity of enjoying service often in the chapel; while every evening was closed with sweet sacred music, in which her clear and still strong voice took a prominent part. What fitter preparation for the employments of heaven! where, having put away childish things, she might vie with cherubim and seraphim in shouting eternal praise unto him who had loved her, and washed away her sins in his own blood.

On Wednesday a visit was proposed to Mount Vernon, the residence and burial-place of Washington. It seemed to all impossible, owing to the roughness of the road, that she could in her enfeebled state bear the ride; but her interest and her entreaties prevailed: she joined the party, appeared gratified with all she saw, and bore the fatigue with the most surprising fortitude. But, for the remainder of the visit, she did not go beyond the garden: into that even she could only walk with difficulty; her lameness constantly increasing, and her enjoyment being peculiarly in retirement. Yes, though she had now descended so far into



the valley of the shadow of death, as that she could distinctly see the gloomy river that rolled before her, and the cold dark vault that awaited her—yet was she not affrighted. She sought not for society that it might divert her, she courted not pleasure that it might amuse her—and why? Because her feet had been led into a safe path, her eye had been fixed on a bright light beyond; so that leaning upon the arm of her Beloved, she enjoyed a peace the world knows nothing of, and only desired quiet, retirement, even solitude, that she might contemplate undisturbed the glorious prospect which awaited her, and enjoy by the way, unalloyed, the rich consolations which were poured out to her.

The Sabbath, April 8th, which closed this pleasing week, was one of communion. Little did those who so tenderly loved her, and then shared with her its privileges, know that they would never again partake with her of that cup until they should drink it new with her in the kingdom of their Heavenly Father! On Monday the party returned to Alexandria, preferring to go direct to an hotel,—the invalid not feeling well enough that day to begin her

visit to her kind friends, the family of Dr. F——. Through the afternoon, she suffered so much bodily distress, that Dr. F—— was sent for. He prescribed a palliative, but urged in great kindness, that she should be removed to his house, which was done the next morning. She had not been many days under his roof before his watchful eye discovered an abscess on her back just above the hip, which at once accounted for her acute suffering and increasing lameness. From its sluggish appearance, it was supposed that it would be two or three weeks before it would come to a crisis; but that crisis must be feared, from her great weakness and extreme emaciation. Yet she betrayed not the least agitation as this new feature of her trial was presented to her. None of these things moved her. Hear her acknowledge the source of her support. “He has been obliged to apply now a sharp instrument, as it were. I humbly trust I do not spurn the hand. He opened my eyes to recognize it for the same that was nailed to the accursed tree, for the same that prepared a mansion in Heaven for me, for the same that had my worthless name engraven upon it ere the highest parts

of the dust of the earth were laid ; and truly, scarcely could I feel the wound, before he gently bound it up with cords of love, pouring in oil and wine,—that oil that maketh glad the heart of man—that oil which gives him a cheerful countenance.” In such a frame she soon rejoined the family circle—enlarged by some invited guests for the evening ; among others, one previously known and esteemed highly for his works’ sake, Bishop Meade. At his request she once more, and for the last time, seated herself at the piano to sing “He doeth all things well.” There was much of pathos in the deep expression which the entire harmony of her soul gave to the sentiment ; but the wasted form of a lovely exterior, carried such a powerful conviction of her sincerity, and entire submission to its truth to the hearts of her hearers, that all were affected by it. By Friday evening of this week, the abscess was found to have made so much progress that an immediate and hurried return to her own home was advised. The symptoms were regarded as altogether so decidedly unfavorable, that no further change, it was thought, could afford her even relief ; while the quiet and

comfort of home were greatly to be desired for her. The Sunday intervening, nothing could be gained by starting the next morning, Saturday. The day, therefore, was spent in leave-taking. The devoted kindness of friends had brought her in largely their debtor; how could she repay them? Only in the influence she spread and left behind of a bright example of faith and patience, of peace and joy in believing: which has not yet faded from their remembrance, and which, it is to be hoped, may yet nerve them in their hour of weakness, to a like precious faith; that so the anchor of their souls may be kept fixed upon

“He doeth all things well.”

With one friend she left, as a token of her gratitude, her favorite book, her chosen travelling companion, “Cecil’s Original Thoughts on Scripture.” In the evening, her sufferings were great; yet she was very reluctant to detain at home her sister, from an interesting lecture, to which she was invited. At length her will yielded to her sister’s pleasure, saying, “Well, you will not have to do it long, dear.” Thus proving, in a simple, yet characteristic manner,



that all the hope which supported her in daily cheerfulness, was not of earth,—dependent upon life; for *that* she felt was ebbing fast away.

On the Sabbath, April 15th, she attended service for the last time in God's earthly courts. It was perhaps a singular coincidence, that the text should be, "Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return." It was a funeral sermon. So far from creating gloom or exciting alarm, our sister expressed herself as much pleased with the occasion. Superstition had no hold of her mind: her judgment was settled, her faith was established, her peace flowed as a river. She wished to have gone out again in the afternoon, but prudent friends restrained her. The evening was closed in sacred music—the last she ever joined in on earth. 'Twas the will of God that her notes should be suspended till her faith was changed to sight, her hope lost in fruition, and her love perfected in praise, pure praise, unsullied with even secret sin, unconfined by a frozen heart and a stammering tongue. Then in a more exalted strain than any earth could bear, would she join the choir of angels and archangels, in singing the song of Moses and the Lamb, harping sweet-



ly on her golden harp, eternal praise to Him who had loved her; while ever and anon the choir of heaven would swell the chorus,

“He doeth *all* things *well*.”

On Monday at one o'clock, she had started on her return home, through Washington, thence to Baltimore, “faint, yet pursuing.” A few weeks' absence had wrought a manifest change in the body: but the mind pursued undaunted the even tenor of its way; yea, rather as the body declined, the mind triumphed, and she delighted herself in the abundance of peace.

Reviewing the progress of disease during this visit to the south, she selects the remark, “Oh the mercy that I did not know from one hour to another, nay, from minute to minute, what the next would bring forth; that the mountain was laid upon me by grains, as the three-part crushed worm was able to bear it; but I have sandals of iron and brass, and see inscribed over the most trying day, “*So shall thy strength be.*” Storms under the guidance of our infallible Pilot, will but waft me more speedily into port; he who calleth those

things which be not as though they were, he to whom are known all things before the foundation of the world, foresees every rock, and says, 'Things to come are yours.' Thus does the Christian rejoice when in the light of God's countenance; and is inclined to say under every trial, 'I shall never be moved.'"

She suffered much from the unsteady motion of the cars,\*and was quite too feeble to converse. Warned of the fatal consequences of an accident to her abscess, those with her journeyed in intense agony. At Baltimore, a slight concussion of the cars took place, sufficient to throw her and several others down. Quite unable to help herself, when found, she could only give vent to her feelings in tears, but unhurt, she was gently taken in a carriage to the hotel. Surely this was a striking proof of a particular providence, who, having a work yet to do both in her and by her, could make the thread cable by which her feeble life seemed to hang. She was deeply sensible of the mercy which had so wonderfully delivered her, acknowledged it often, and continued to indulge her poetical taste in the frequent quotation of appropriate verses, repeatedly measuring the

love of God to her, the gentleness which had brought her hitherto, and the mercy which endureth forever.

Tuesday evening found them again in Philadelphia, met and welcomed by the same kind friend who had before so hospitably entertained them. A last interview was had with Dr. M——. He confirmed their worst fears, and was evidently saddened at the conviction there was but little hope; renewed the caution, and urged them onward without delay. Many miles of railroad and steamboat travelling yet lay before them. Nature, reason even, despaired, but faith rose in the emergency,—“*As thy day, so shall thy strength be*”—rallied every nerve.

Leaving Philadelphia early in the morning, she seemed to suffer much from fatigue. Yet ill as she was, she gave her feeling in sympathy to another, who, like herself, was helpless under the mighty hand of God, both objects of deep interest to the anxious friends who attended them. Even in the cars, God provided her with an interesting friend—a fellow-passenger—a stranger. This interest which she everywhere excited, was remarkable even to the last—com-

forting to those who remain, who see in it the honor which God put upon his child, as called, chosen, and faithful.

The party reached New York, April 18th, in safety ; crossed from the wharf to the Rochelle station with difficulty, yet upheld ; and after a ride of eighteen miles, were mercifully at rest in their earthly home.

*So* he brought them to "the haven where they would be." Through calm seas and smooth sailing? No, it was indeed through the stormy wind and tempest—mounting up to heaven in hope, down again to the depths in despair—flesh and heart failing them—*so* he brought them. Mercy, faithfulness, power, all engaged to the end—Himself their guide, their protector, their best friend.

## CHAPTER V.

### *Her Sickness.*

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“All the days of my appointed time will I wait till my change come.”

—Job xiv. 14.

“My cheerful soul now all the day
Sits waiting here and sings;
Looks through the ruins of her clay,
And practises her wings.
Faith almost changes into sight
While from afar she spies,
Her fair inheritance, in light
Above created skies.”

ANON.

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It was not a little remarkable and providential, perhaps, that our sweet sister, during the last year of her life, should have been brought out of her retirement and so led about, a spectacle of *moral* beauty, both in England and America, among friends and strangers, that all might behold the vanity of whatever is most highly esteemed among men, and the transcendent worth of a hope beyond the grave. But now her journeyings on earth had ended. She had, evidently, reached the banks of Jordan.



From this time she waited her summons to cross the River of Death.

Brought in in her brother's arms, and seated once more in the Library, in the old arm-chair, all saw the change: we were then convinced that Death had set his seal upon that placid brow. How did our hearts die within us! How prostrate did nature lie before the inscrutable wisdom and irresistible power of God!

After refreshing herself with tea,—still able and preferring to join the party at the table,—she was carried to her room, and there gently laid in the bed from which she was not to rise for three weeks. There was not an anxious fear expressed: neither was there a wish uttered. No, every desire had been so completely satisfied in the mercy that had brought her home, that from this time forward, she sunk into a calm—the tumult of her thoughts within her died away with the grateful feeling, “It is enough.”

The family physician was sent for, that we might be apprized of all we were to expect, and prepared for anything that might happen through the night. From the moment he saw

her, he gave no hope of her recovery, and candidly expressed his opinion. Though we thought we had been already convinced, yet now the authorized assurance of the fact fell like a thunder-bolt upon us. We had, till now, been buoyed up with the opinion, that there was no active disease; and though this abscess we knew was critical, yet, who could tell? it might afford all the relief that was desired; from the time of its discharge the whole system might rally. But such was not to be the manner of our God towards us. Yet blessed be His glorious name forever, who stilleth the raging of the sea after its first *swell*, to let us know what a storm there might have been but for His power, all was soon a calm; and the same wounded hearts did again trust Him for every *step* in each of their paths, while, stayed upon his faithfulness and tender love, they once more enjoyed a perfect peace. As we all separated for the night, how gratefully did the lines suggest themselves,—

“Give to the winds thy fears,  
Hope and be undismay’d;  
God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears,  
He shall lift up thy head.

Through waves, and clouds, and storms,  
He gently clears the way ;  
Wait thou his time ; so shall this night  
Soon end in joyous day.

Still heavy is thy heart ?  
Still sink thy spirits down ?  
Cast off this weight, let fear depart,  
And every care begone.

What though thou rulest not !  
Yet heaven and earth, and hell  
Proclaim, that God is on the throne,  
He doeth all things well !”

Through Thursday and Friday following, she was permitted to rest quietly: still no sleep could we procure for her by night; yet she lay still and helpless as the infant, for the abscess prevented her from moving.

On Saturday morning further advice was sought: a consultation with Dr. S——, of New York, was decided upon. It was appointed by him to visit us on Monday by an early train. The intervening time of Saturday and Sunday were hours of darkness—yes, of agony, to all but to the peaceful sufferer, who lay calm and childlike in her confidence, utterly prostrate in strength, so that she scarcely

opened her eyes, much less spoke. Her appearance was very striking and all acknowledged, peculiarly lovely. Her dark hair, unconfined by a cap, lay about her; and the bright hectic color of fever, heightened the picture. Perfect peace spread a calm over her countenance, which neither the anxious looks of those around her nor her own apprehensions could ever ruffle. A sweet smile settled itself upon her mouth, which betrayed clearly the inward satisfaction she enjoyed. The whole scene was striking to the stranger's eye, as it gazed upon the fond father and mother, the devoted band of sisters and brothers, with every look, and thought, and love, riveted upon the peaceful sufferer, while *she* was evidently taken into the secret of His pavilion whom her soul loved; every scattered drop of comfort concentrated for her in One; every shadow of joy substantiated in One; till she could truly set to her seal that "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you, and you shall be comforted." "Surely you cannot wish to detain a spirit so nearly glorified," said a friend on leaving her room that morning.

It was now peculiarly that our sister was called to live upon in sickness, what had often been talked of in health, "the finished work of Jesus." Listen to her rich experience as she chose, through the medium of another, to magnify the name of our God: "In this peculiar season, and by this trial, I trust more of His name was proclaimed to me, more of His goodness caused to pass before me: the strength and excellency of that power were displayed, by which alone I am kept unto salvation; the beauty of that patience and long suffering was exhibited which no provocation can wear out, no worthlessness exhaust; the strength of that love was manifested, which 'many waters cannot quench:' the glorious majesty of that arm was more revealed to me which could keep so bruised a reed from being utterly trampled under foot by the enemy, which could lift up my head in the most overwhelming hour, and still enable me to say, 'Rejoice not against me, O mine enemy: when I fall, I shall arise; when I sit in darkness, the Lord shall be a light unto me.' I know not that this my blessed confidence was overclouded two minutes; for the Lord was my



sun, as well as my shield. Say, then, how much ought Jesus to be endeared to me? No, you cannot say. Highest angels, tell if you can! No, this is love *you* have never known, never tasted of: here are the depths of the unsearchable riches of a SAVIOUR'S love which *you* cannot fathom."

Again, as in allusion to her silence, lest the grace so richly manifested should be dishonored through nature's weakness:—"I would rather talk to myself than to you, while I look at the cup of consolation filled with his opening address, 'I am the *Almighty* God,' I fear to dilute the rich wine which none but Jesus can tread out; which nothing but his precious veins could yield; and even he has, on more than one occasion, left 'I AM' with a blank, as if every language stood bankrupt before it, as if time at its longest stretch was too strait to utter it, as if all worlds could only in *breathless silence* express it."

In the afternoon of this day, Saturday, her cough became very troublesome; and the expectoration excited much alarm. She looked at each with an inquiring look, a searching glance, as if to measure the strength of their

faith in her covenant keeping God. Finding His consolations abounded, she lay back perfectly satisfied.

Her room was so situated, though up stairs, that, with the door of both rooms open, it was thought she might hear and enjoy with us the exercises of family worship. Being asked the next morning whether she had heard anything, and would like it done in future, she answered, "Oh, yes! I heard the hymn distinctly, but not the chapter. It was singular though, the only words I did catch of it were, 'Though he be not far from every one of us.'" As she lay in the solitude of her chamber, anticipating the uncertain event of the morrow, it was sweet thus to hear echoed the great truth that alone supported her—the nearness and the faithfulness of her God: so did his rod and his staff comfort her.

Having been prevented from our ordinary duties in the family, the following note was sent, designed as a special lesson, and gratefully intended to strengthen the hands of the young people, encouraging them still to sympathize in "weeping with those who weep."

“My dear children,

“I really must take some opportunity of expressing to you how sensibly and gratefully we feel your obedient, quiet, thoughtful conduct towards us under our great trial. You cannot yourselves estimate the relief you are thus capable of affording. God is leading us by a new way, the end of which we cannot see. We are told of dangers that threaten us; we see difficulties before us; our hearts faint within us,—we exclaim, ‘Who is sufficient for these things?’ But shall we therefore give up in despair? shall we therefore turn our foot to flee? shall we therefore try to drown fears? Oh, no! a far safer, happier, a more noble course is open before us. We will trust upon the Lord, and stay ourselves upon our God. His right arm shall uphold us. His presence shall go with us. He will give us rest. Nothing can happen unforeseen to Him; nothing can possibly befall us unknown to Him; we go forward, therefore, into the morrow, relying confidently upon the Lord our God, casting all our care upon Him, assured that He careth for us. Mercies untold through the *past* sustain us wonderfully

at the *present*, and strengthen us greatly for the *future*. I rejoice already, for your sakes, in the opportunity God has given to you of seeing how strong are the supports which He can give.

“Though our lips at present are silent, by reason of the natural feeling that is not yet subdued, still I can assure you, in behalf of all, that we are perfectly resigned to God’s will, whether for life or for death,—‘Even so, Father, for so it seemeth good unto thee,—if this cup may not pass from us except we drink it, thy will be done.’ It is one thing to *say* this; but I can tell you now from experience that it is quite another to *feel*—to *realize* it. Yet we *feel* that ‘He doeth all things *well*.’ We have no petition to make but ‘that in patience we may possess our souls,’ so that God may be glorified in all. Afflictions are very *personal* things; yet it seems to me that you all have a share in God’s present design. While to us He calls in a loud voice—to you He speaks in a gentle whisper, that warns you in time to prepare to meet Him in eternity. He would teach you the uncertainty of life, the certainty of death. He would show you the neces-



sity there is for trials; and prove to you the ground of a Christian's confidence under them. Though for a time they are mysterious, yet they are merciful and gracious; and those who are so exercised have no reason to question their interest in God's favor by them. Satan is very busy at such a time, taking advantage of the occasion to suggest desponding thoughts. The mind, too, is naturally disposed then to favor them; but I assure you, that if afflictions are trying to frail nature, they are salutary to the soul—they work out here the peaceable fruits of righteousness; and it is not long, at furthest, before we shall know as we are known, and then see distinctly the necessity and benefit of earthly sorrow. The praise and honor in which they will end will amply make amends for all. Why then should we not esteem them precious—inestimable favors from on high! If we could always realize Eternity, its certainty and its nearness, we should more constantly rejoice in them. If we could but realize more the holiness of the upper world, we should give thanks that we are counted worthy of such a preparation for it.

“How much impatience is natural to us! It



would seem that no trial is so small but it would overcome us, if left to ourselves. But God sends his spirit, remember, to help our infirmities, by leading us to consider not the trial, but the end of the trial: finding *that* in God's hand we are lightened of our load: underneath are the everlasting arms; while not only is the *natural* mind strengthened, but such comforting thoughts are suggested to the *spiritual*, as abundantly fulfils to us his gracious declarations. This is the matter of our present experience; may God grant its continuance, and deepen it in rich earnest of a joyful fruition hereafter, when faith shall be turned to sight, and all sorrow and sighing shall flee away forever. To-morrow will, probably, be somewhat a decisive day; should it be deemed best to operate, we must still longer tax your patience for great quiet, till all danger from excitement is over. The precious invalid herself dreads nothing, but her physicians and friends do. All know that there is no probability of her recovery; yet, as with God, all things are *possible*; we wait his will in the result, 'In quietness and confidence is our strength.'

“Pray for *us* ; but, oh, above all things, pray for *yourselves*, that now you may ‘Remember your Creator in the days of your youth, before the evil days come, or the years draw nigh, when you shall say, I have no pleasure in them.’

“Your friend.”

The preparations of the morning on Monday did not, in the least, excite her ; the approach of the appointed hour even could not ruffle her serenity. Faith triumphed over fear, so that while she could truly say, “I am such a peculiar coward, and, I should think, have more than a usual share of dread of suffering for myself, and for the sake of the many too dear to me—to anticipate an evil, nearly crushes me ;” she could yet safely add, “Having by line upon line in experience found that sufficient strength is given when the trial comes, I think I have a little learned *not* to think—and to put away the dreaded evil with ‘What time I am afraid I will trust in thee.’ ”

At nine, the doctors assembled. She welcomed them with a smile, and roused herself to converse with them. It was considered

best to open the abscess. Asking if she had any dread,—“Oh no,” was the prompt reply. Still supposing she must have her share of Nature’s fears, and judging it prudent to avoid the slightest agitation, Dr. S—— gave her no warning. ’Twas but the work of a moment. She smiled, as she felt the prick of the lancet, and assured them, when they suggested Eau de Cologne should be used, it was unnecessary, she did not feel at all faint. “Well,” said her friends, “you have remarkable equanimity of mind in your favor.”

Assembled in the Library, they again expressed their opinion that she could not recover, but would gradually sink away; she might not last a week; she might live for two months. Seeing her so cheerful again, and apparently relieved, it was very difficult for us to keep abiding the conviction, that *it must indeed be so*.

To promote the discharge of the abscess, she was obliged to keep herself, wearied and greatly emaciated as she was, in one very trying position, day after day, and all through her sleepless nights: yet was she never heard to express impatience, or even to groan under her wear-

ness. It has been well remarked by one in like circumstances, "*That* bed cannot be wearisome which is made by Emanuel: no state can be uneasy when his tenderness and power are revealed for our support." And truly, we may add, that His left hand was beneath our sister's head, and His right arm did embrace her. In God she had found a substance that would bear leaning upon,—just what her worn-out body and mind seemed to want—a resting-place, a hiding-place.

With characteristic composure, hearing a young friend in her room remark to another, how much enjoyment there was in sacred music, yet how seldom you heard it in city society,—without opening her eyes, she said aloud,

"The Spirit, like a peaceful dove,  
Flies from the realms of noise and strife."

Day after day passed by—she was still the sufferer. The discharge of the abscess had afforded, perhaps, a change, but not lessened her pain. Medicine after medicine was prescribed, but without any effect. Her "dis-



ress" only seemed to increase with her debility. Her countenance showed her suffering—the lips seldom told it. "Sickness is such a personal thing," she would say, as excusing herself from ever referring to it in her case. She was always "better," or "pretty well,"—never a murmur heard, never a wish expressed.

"Sweet to lie *passive* in His hands  
And know no will but His,"

was most strikingly characteristic of her patient spirit to the last—lovely, because those who knew her situation in life, her prospects, her usefulness, her activity, knew the great sacrifice of every natural feeling made in this entire submission.

The effects of the abscess having entirely passed away about the first week in May, she was able to rise, to be dressed loosely, and to sit in an easy chair, or lie on a sofa. Spring was fast opening upon us, with its bursting buds and rejoicing birds, displaying God's glory in the resurrection of Nature; while every leaflet and flower seemed but to say

"The finger of God is here,"



bearing testimony, in its sure return, to all his faithfulness and long-suffering towards us. A young friend from the city visited us at this time. Looking out upon the lawn, she noticed its refreshing verdure, when she heard the gentle voice of our sister exclaim—

“Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood  
Stand drest in *living* green.”

This manner of appropriate quotation without any comment, was peculiar to our sister even in health. She may be said to have been full of poetry. The christian poets, Cowper and Watts, Milton and Young, were her favorites; having industriously gathered from them their sweets, she was ready, on the most ordinary occasions, to apply them. Did we stop to admire a view, did we point to the fleeting cloud above us,—each touched a chord in her sympathies, and awakened a responsive poetic sentiment. Observing the gardener busy planting his seeds, and glancing forward, in thought, to the far more glorious spring about to bloom upon her soul, she remarked, “I have been thinking I shall never see those flowers bloom;

but it does not mar my pleasure now in watching them,

*"There everlasting spring abides,  
And never with'ring flowers."*

Thus calmly could this young sister contemplate the great change that awaited her ; thus clearly could she realize the eternal realities of another world. Were not "all things hers," whether for life or death ?

From this time through the remaining few weeks of her life, the state of her soul consisted rather in a quiet confidence, than in a lively joy. There were no raptures, no frames, no feelings to tell of,—only increasing helplessness and emptiness—heart and flesh failing,—which made her willing to bid adieu to time, and all its pursuits, and to go on in the strength of her Saviour to the unseen world.

*"Earthly joys no more attracting,  
Half the Christian's conflicts cease ;  
Earthly lights no more attracting,  
Thou may'st trim thy lamp in peace."*

As the weather became settled, she was permitted to ride—a pleasure she never ceased to enjoy, till within three days of her death. In

all those rides, her unselfish spirit gratified itself in thinking of others; a flower for the Botany class; tulips for a sister's fancy work; a new flower for the garden,—thus did she beguile the way, and drop comfort for us all in review.

Riding alone with her brother on the afternoon of Friday, three weeks before her death, he spoke with her freely of her danger, alluded to his great anxiety for her during their visit South, and the doubt whether he should ever reach home with her alive. “I knew it,” she replied, “I realized it all—the dropsical swelling of my foot warned me—but I said nothing, lest I should alarm dear R., who was already much distressed for me.” They then spoke of afflictions in general—the object God had in view in appointing them—sometimes for correction, at others for prevention; now to test, and again to instruct,—always for God's glory. Her brother noticed the proneness to think them all chastisements—just punishments. “This,” she replied, “is indeed a very common view, and, perhaps, the one most generally adopted when the body is weak; for it is then apt to take a gloomy view of things in general, and

is easily persuaded to believe that all it suffers is on account of special sins, and is really the just visitation for them—a righteous retribution. But,” she added, “I am inclined to think it readily yields before returning strength, renewed vigor, and brightening hope. Of one thing I am very sure, my brother; sickness is no time for the all-important concerns of the soul to be first thought of; there never was a greater delusion than that; you feel quite too sick, too naturally desponding. I believe it is the great anxiety and the fear awakened then in the unconverted mind, which really kill hundreds—preventing medicine from having its proper effects, at a time when, for life’s sake, all should be quiet, composed and happy—entertaining a spirit of true Christian resignation to God’s will and time.”

He spoke then of life—the mere fact of living—how little there was worth the living for. We get into a habit of talking of the *pleasures of life*; but, oh! how poor, how unsatisfactory, and how fleeting they all are. “Yes, indeed,” she replied, “it is strange to me, very strange, that people, even professing Christians, can live as they do.” The only



*real* pleasure was then dwelt upon—that of doing good; of being used as an instrument in God's hand to promote his glory upon earth. She concurred in censuring the opinion of the world, that it is hard and very sad to see a *young* person carried off by death. Though the aged have lived long enough to feel all the bitter disappointments of earth, and to test its utter inability to satisfy the cravings of the soul, so that we naturally expect it, and they are in a measure *willing* to leave us; yet, even to the young Christian, full of hope and bright anticipations, is it not gain to die? For does not death save them from earth's chilling influences and withering mortifications? Does not their hope receive an early fruition? Are not their bright anticipations sooner and more surely realized in a world where neither sin nor sorrow can enter? Are not such rather to be envied?

She said she had been led to consider much, of late, the Apostle's words, "Know ye not that ye are the temples of the Holy Ghost?" "What an honor," she further remarked, "that such poor frail and defiled bodies should be so used!" asking her brother whether he had



observed how strong the advice which followed, "That Christians should live as became such temples—purifying themselves, and abstaining from all evil, even the very *appearance* of evil."

When asked what she thought of her case, whether she entertained any prospect of recovery, she replied with the most perfect composure, "Really, I hardly know what to say. I suppose I *may* get well; but it must be very doubtful. When I left the South, and, indeed, since my return home, I have had no hope—in fact, I have been *weary of life*, but this I fear is an improper feeling; I ought always to be willing to wait God's time,—I do struggle against it." Her brother then told her the physicians had given up all hope, that they had declined prescribing further, and only desired that she should eat and drink as she was able, and do anything that ministered to her comfort: that none could say but that there was a possibility, because with God all things are possible; but humanly speaking there was no probability that she could recover; and it was considered best that she should know it. She replied, she was quite prepared to hear it, for

she herself had long thought it improbable; assured her brother she had not a fear in the prospect. She was told that we were all preparing ourselves for the trial of separation—that hitherto God had most wonderfully supported us, especially our parents, hearing and answering our daily prayers, for resignation to His will concerning her; that so much mercy had been mingled with the bitter cup that we dared not repine; as our day, so our strength had truly been; our greatest comfort being drawn from the conviction that she had so long before made preparation for a dying hour, that now we had but to wait, and waiting, could strive together only to glorify God in the fires. The ways in which God could be glorified, were then pointed out, particularly by a free expression of the thoughts. Conversation would comfort us—as assuring us of her peace and joy in believing; not that we had any doubt as to her hope, but we needed strength through her consolations. The martyr-like spirit which yields to fate, was referred to, as so distinct from, and inferior to, the true christian spirit of resignation—“Father, *if it be possible,*” “Nevertheless, not my will but thine be done.”

This proves the reality and the power there is in true religion ; this teaches the minister how to preach ; this encourages the aged Christian ; and this it is that establishes the young believer.

Returning home very cheerful, she was as usual laid upon the bed—hoping to sleep—but no : finding herself alone with a sister, she directly referred to the kindness of telling her so candidly the opinion of the medical men ; again repeated she was quite prepared to expect it. To the remark, that no one seemed quite to understand her case, she replied, “ It seems to be a complicated and rather mysterious one ; but could you wish that I should go through all this suffering again ? ”

“ Cease here longer to detain me.”

When her youngest sister was afterwards fanning her burning cheek, she said gently, “ You will not have to do this long, dearie.” “ Well, dearest one, in that place of rest you will not need it.” “ No,” she answered, “ there will be no pain *there* ; but still it is an awful thing to die.” It was not that our sister feared the

suffering of the body, but she dreaded a spiritual conflict, as will be hereafter seen.

Left alone with her nurse for awhile in the evening, she spoke much of death. Being asked, "Miss Abby, have you no fear of death?" She promptly replied, "Oh no, G., no fears *now*—I *used* to dread it; it has not always been day with me as now." The case of a young person was alluded to, who had died so triumphantly; she simply exclaimed, as thinking aloud,

"Oh glorious hour! Oh blest abode!

I shall be near and like my God."

"And every power find sweet employ

In that eternal world of joy."

When we see so many, even of the children of God, shrinking from everything which appears like the key to open our prison, what rich grace was that which thus rid our sister of all her fears, and gave her to trust and not be afraid.

While being rubbed, as usual, the next morning, by her sister S., their conversation happened to turn upon those who think it their duty to preach only to the elect. "Ah!" she



said, as smiling she reproached their ignorance, "how beautifully will all these things be revealed to us when we enter heaven!" This led them on to consider the progression of knowledge in heaven—how, in younger days, they had thought all would burst upon the astonished soul at once. "It was reading that work of Dick's, the Philosophy of a Future State, which disturbed me," she said. "He puts the subject before the mind in so singular, so startling a manner. I rather like," she added, "to look at spiritual things *spiritually*, not to bring them down to our temporal ones. Do you remember, dear, he speaks of arithmetic in heaven? Oh! I do not like it." The pleasures of heaven became their theme. They thought of their honored grandfather, waiting at the eleventh hour of a long and laborious day for his summons,—"Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord:" and, as they thought upon the glory that was prepared for him, they envied the privilege of entering *then*. "Yes, indeed," our sister exclaimed, "I should love to witness his devout adoration and gratitude, his holy joy,



as he first sees face to face his Lord and Master ; and so enjoy it with him."

Her sister-in-law called during the morning, and had a pleasant interview with her. She spoke with unusual earnestness. Referring to death-bed repentance, she remarked, "I have not the satisfaction of looking back to a particular time when I experienced a decided change of heart ; it was my highly privileged education I suppose ; for I never remember the time when I did not love God, and desire above all things to be conformed to his will." Again speaking to her, as enviable in going home first, and never knowing the sorrow of an earthly separation, "Yes," she replied, "but,"—she would not live alway ; in itself she saw not, she felt not, one attraction to life—"but"—as a stage where she could perform a part for her Saviour, even a part which angels had never committed to them, she valued it ; as a field where a battle is fought for the great Captain of our salvation, she would not be impatient to leave it—"but—it is pleasant to work for God here, and I have done nothing yet for Him." Her sister-in-law remarks, "Her manner was simple and open—her smile, the

while, constant and unrestrained. She appeared perfectly happy, joyous almost, at moments, as if her wings were ready plumed for their flight beyond. When next I saw her, calmness and composure had settled upon her again—she had returned to her attitude of waiting.”

For a while our sister seemed to improve. She rode out often twice a day, walked about her room, worked occasionally, and joined us in our plans. Yet this partial recovery did not at all flatter *her*. When fond affection, that will cling to the creature, would say, delighted, “You seem to be better—who can tell but with the blessing of God all may yet be well?” she would scarcely smile; and afterwards, referring to the remark, would say, almost reprovingly, “How can Mamma flatter herself so? Would you really wish me to remain in a world so full of sin and sorrow, rather than to depart and be with Christ—which is far better?” She was repeatedly asking, after the visit of her doctors, “Did they give Mamma any hope?” as though she only wanted now the assurance that we had all resigned her willingly and cheerfully.

During all this time we need make but one

general remark of her nights—they were entirely sleepless and much distressed ; her cough being then increasingly troublesome. Supported by many pillows—eleven at last—she can scarcely be said to have lain down for weeks ; yet was she never known to murmur ; nor would she, if possible to prevent it, even disturb one of her sisters, who by turns rested in the room with her, till the day began to dawn. Then the feeling of grateful relief was irresistible : the blinds must be raised that the faintest streaks on the horizon might refresh her weary eyes ; then listening with great delight to the first notes of the birds, particularly pleased with a robin, which seemed to keep its friendly station at her very window, she would fall exhausted into a gentle sleep. It is not to be wondered at, that, after such nights, her days should be passed in rest rather than in effort—in quiet rather than in much speaking. Her extract proves her right principle, and fully justifies the practice, “ You must have thought me idle, or something worse ; and yet you do not reproach me. Well ! I am used to this from everybody *but myself* ; we have sad quarrels, and frequently cannot settle it without

many tears. If you have known what it is to pass night after night, wondering what sleep is like, and thinking each hour double the length of its predecessor, yet all this without any positive pain, you have known what it is to get worn, as I, alas! am. Nature has writhed and smarted under it; but, oh! the wine and oil the Spirit has poured in by these few words, ‘*Wearisome nights are appointed unto me,*’—just *wearisome*, and this from my Father, and above all, *appointed*—no chance.”

From the time she rose and was dressed, she generally lay on her sofa till the hour for riding should arrive, either reading herself her favorite portion of Scripture—the Psalms; or, when too weak to hold the book, listening to a sister’s choice from the “Bible,” “Cecil’s Original Thoughts,” and always her grandfather’s “Morning Exercise.”

In riding again with her brother, they conversed long on the inestimable value of the Scriptures—whether to those who labored, or were in difficulty—whether to such as were tempted or afflicted; its promises were ever ready to support and to strengthen them—and, above all, to the dying soul how precious!



Unlike all other books, it seems to become a very part of the Christian, by reason of his confidence in God, who cannot lie, and who will not be unmindful of his promises. She was reminded of David's experience, "Unless thy law had been my delight, I should have perished in my affliction." "Yes," she replied, "but there is another sweet verse, 'Remember thy word unto thy servant upon which thou hast caused me to hope,' and another, 'This is my comfort in my affliction, for thy word hath quickened me.' No one," she said, "could accuse David of being a silent christian: his tongue hardly knew any control; for out of the abundance of the heart his mouth spoke." "There is something so peculiarly beautiful to me," she said, "in his 119th Psalm; I feel as though I could never leave off, in reading it; the verses seem to run into and out of one another in such close connection."

She had a keen sympathy for others; their sufferings were made her own; for as the elect of God, holy and beloved, she had put on bowels of mercies, kindness; while she longed to impart to them the heavenly consolations wherewith she herself was comforted. "Has



any one been to see Fowler to-day? he has said, *if prepared*, he would wish to die." This anxiety showed her own peace and satisfaction in anticipating death; it proved, that, up to that time, she had found all her comfort in a preparation of the heart—in having set her face toward the celestial city—in feeling that she drew near to the river of Death. So that *to die*—the desire to die—to be prepared to die, was the best wish she could frame for her humble sick friend.

At one time she remarked to her sister S., who was sitting at her side, "I never thought I should recover, from the first of my illness." "Well, dear," her sister replied, "we do not know yet what may be God's will concerning you! Oh how sweet it would be could we all lie down together, would it not?" "Yes, indeed," she answered, "but *one* must be first." Then, till interrupted, heaven was their theme. "Rest—I long for rest; but I am afraid this is a temptation; I think too much of the *rest* that remaineth." How could this be otherwise? When enduring day after day such severe paroxysms of pain that the tears were forced from her eyes,—did she toss? did she even groan?

Oh no; but with her eyes closed, and her burning cheek resting on her pillow, she would only exclaim,

“There is an hour of peaceful rest!”

Could this be wrong? With such abundant proof of a hope well founded on Him who is invisible, this glorious prospect not only supported her, but raised her spirits triumphant over her bodily pains, which she had so long, with such remarkable fortitude and patience, endured.

Everything God had done was *gently* done. She continually used the expression. And when we see Him teaching his eaglet to leave the nest, bearing it on his own wings, teaching it to mount upwards and build its nest on high, yea, on the very throne itself, must we not indeed exclaim, ‘His *gentleness* hath made her great!’ On one night in particular, as her sister laid her in bed, she said, “When I think of God’s dealings towards me, I can never say he has smitten me, nor that he has cut me down. No; his own words best express his gentleness, ‘He hath laid his hand upon me,’ Yes, He has beset me behind, and

before, and now He has laid his hand upon me, referring to her entire weakness. Oh! He has dealt so gently with me; it is most wonderful to me how strength has been given equal to my day. If there was anything I should have thought I could not bear, it would have been dropsy and the loss of the use of my limbs: both have been permitted to come upon me; and yet strength is given equal to my day." After an interval, her sister remarked, "If the saints above could see all that is passing here,"—she quickly interrupted her with, "I never could doubt for a moment that they do; think how it must add to their ascriptions of praise, to witness all God's workings with his people here! Yes, you may depend upon it, those of our family who are now in heaven are looking on in wondering admiration at God's gentle dealing with *me*—with all of *you*."

When asked, about this time, by a friend, whether she had any fear of death, she replied, "No—I only fear lest an assault of spiritual darkness should be permitted at that trying hour to shake my faith. The best Christians have sometimes suffered then a sense of desertion—a loss of communion." But "as thy

day so shall thy strength be," was here, as elsewhere, the staff of her Shepherd, that supported her. With such a sense of her own weakness, not fostering any false courage, not vainly concealing the truth, but deliberately counting upon the "all things" that *might* befall her, we have no doubt she prayed daily with all supplication, "Suffer me not, at my last hour, for any pains of death, to fall from thee." To his faithfulness as a prayer-hearing and answering God, and to her triumph, through his strength, over all her fears, let her dying hour testify.

A little incident will serve to illustrate the scrupulosity of principle for which she was remarkable, and the high tone of the example she always considered it necessary to set to servants. A little delicacy had been prepared for her dinner on Sunday—hoping to tempt her appetite. On the servant asking her, "if she had enjoyed it?" "How could I," she replied, "when I knew that it had occasioned trouble on the Sabbath."

*May 25th.*—The weather becoming warm, and thinking she might perhaps be able to walk a little on the piazza, or in the garden, a



delightful room was prepared for her, down stairs. Its windows to the ground opened on the piazza and garden. She had but to step out on level ground ; and the door opening on the green-house, while she sat or lay on her sofa, she could enjoy the luxury of flowers in profusion. The room was large, the garden was lovely, all nature smiled around ; but our sister was a fading flower amidst this luxuriance of health and beauty. Shall we suppose for one moment that there was any mistake in this ? Could not He who made the flowers flourish about her, have put vigor, too, into her feeble frame ? Yes, surely ; but it was for his glory that she should be weak and crumbling ; therefore did her inner man with sweet and cheerful resignation say, "*Most gladly*, therefore, will I glory in my infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon me,"—"Even so, Father, for so it seemeth good unto thee." "Thank you, thank you," she said as she was brought into the room, "but I shall not want it long, dears." Just three weeks were passed in this pleasant spot. We have been richly rewarded in the comfort it gave to one so much beloved. Once only did she try to walk on the piazza ; but



her strength was gone—she waited patiently till she should walk with the redeemed, free from pain and every weakness. Unable to read, write, or converse, when she could but change her lying posture from the bed to the sofa for refreshment, yet He gave her a sweet peace, an unruffled state of soul—"In quietness and confidence was her strength,"—proving clearly that the happiness of the Christian consists in meeting God in his providences. Regretting through her excessive weakness the difficulty of retaining, or of recalling the well-known verses of Scripture, she said, "Ah, well! whatever else I may want, that precious verse is ever with me, 'The work of righteousness shall be peace; and the effect of righteousness, quietness and assurance forever!'"

A servant met with a severe accident which had endangered her life, without a moment's warning. The occasion must not be lost. Hearing her voice in the hall the next day, she was called into her room, and, after kind inquiries, was faithfully reminded of the uncertainty of life. "Though I have been so long expected to die, yet you in perfect health had nearly passed me on the road. 'In the

midst of life we are in death,' and surely ought always to be prepared to meet our God."

But though to her anxious friends our dear sister seemed long to have suffered—though her summons appeared to have been delayed, yet now had the Master already risen up, and was calling for her. In a few days she stepped from the shores of time into the great ocean of eternity—there to bathe her weary soul in a sea of unending bliss.

It has been said, "Sickness instead of narrowing the Christian's heart, enlarges it." Though so sunk in weakness as to speak seldom, she inquired constantly after a young friend who was thought to be in a somewhat critical state. "Oh, how I wish he had the comforts I enjoy in my firm hope; oh! that *every one* possessed them!"

On Tuesday the 5th of June, the week preceding her death, a circumstance of interest occurred as a singular coincidence, impressing the christian mind with the doctrine of a *particular* Providence, which condescends even to number the very hairs of our head.

Acting upon the advice of her physicians, that she should test her strength by slight

exertions, being left, at her own request, during the hour of our family worship, alone, she had ventured to the open window, and attempted to throw something from it; but her weakness prevailed; she felt herself sinking, and gently descended to the ground. Calling for assistance, she was providentially heard by one passing at the moment, raised and laid upon the bed as very faint. In reading the Morning Exercise to her as she lay, it was not a little singular that the text should be, "Be thou our arm every morning." "You see," she said smilingly, "He had need to be *my arm* every morning; He surely was *this* morning." She then went through the divisions of the exercise, as though thinking aloud,—“for defence,” “for support,” and, with peculiar emphasis, “to *lean* upon, in *all* his goings.” Her sister then alluded to the Christian’s privilege, thus to lean, in *prayer*, “be thou our arm every morning;” and taking up the application of the subject, said, “‘Let me lean,’—‘and converse with thee,’” she responded emphatically. “‘Let me lean,’—and feel thee at my side,” she replied again. “‘Let me lean,’—and go forward without dismay or discouragement,” she yet added. Thus

was a venerable but far distant grandfather enabled, through the Spirit, to minister strength and consolation to his dying child.

A friend who had lately returned from Jerusalem visited us this week ; bringing with him many paintings of the various interesting scenes in Palestine. He kindly offered to show them to our sister in her room ; she was much pleased and interested, particularly in the Garden of Gethsemane. It was not nature alone that struck her—calm and lovely though it was ; but deep feeling stirred her very soul within her, as she contemplated “ Jesus ” bowed down beneath our load of sin,—

“ Triumphant in sorrow, triumphant in love ! ”

through the merits of his righteousness enabling her to appropriate to herself in her present hour of need, faith’s privileged experience—

“ From whose anguish  
All my ease and safety flow.”

How little did we think, then, that while *sitting up* thus to gaze upon the earthly Jerusalem, before another week had passed she

would be *walking* with the Redeemed in the heavenly city ; where there shall enter nothing that defileth—but they which are written in the Lamb's book of life !

14\*



## CHAPTER VI.

### Her Death.

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“Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me.”—Psalm xxiii. 4.

“The Angel of the Covenant
Was come, and faithful to his promise, stood
Prepared to walk with her through death’s dark vale.
And now her eyes grew bright, and brighter still,
Too bright for ours to look upon, suffused
With many tears; and closed without a cloud.
They set as sets the morning star, which goes
Not down behind the darken’d west, nor hides
Obscured among the tempests of the sky—
But melts away into the light of heaven.”

POLLOCK.

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It was made evident to us all, from the Sabbath which followed, June 10th, that her strength was fast failing: indeed it could not be otherwise; for the cough became so very distressing, that it, alone, threatened to wear her out. When the paroxysm had ceased, then she was exhausted. Still she murmured not, nor even expressed her weariness; continued to be dressed, and to ride out as usual through Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday. On the morning of this day, the 13th, she

began to copy a French sermon of Oberlin's, which had been loaned her father. She wrote but half the page—interest flagged from excessive weakness—the tardy medium of the pen and language were laid aside, forever, for the more enlarged sphere of knowledge and of ability in the world of spirit—of mind, without a veil between,—of thought unshackled, free as air. In the afternoon she suffered much; asked to ride; but did not find relief as she had generally done. Though so ill, she rode further than usual; indeed, did not herself ask to turn. She was taking her last look of earth! Through the evening it was very painful to witness her great bodily distress as she leaned on the arm of her easy chair. Still all was quiet. She had spoken very little since the Sabbath—to complain she *would not*, and to converse she *could not*, from complete exhaustion.

After such a day of suffering, when laid once more in bed, she called an elder sister to her side, and meekly said to her, "Dear, forgive me!" "Forgive you, my darling!" she replied, astonished, "what for?" "For all my impatience." Her sister, deeply affected, ex-

claimed, "I am sure God has shown his power in you most remarkably in keeping you from impatience; but if you think you have given way to it, 'He knows your frame, He remembers that you are but dust.'" "Yes," she replied, "He does," and then, "*I am worn out, dear.*" This proved very true; for in two hours after, she began to sink, from exhaustion after coughing when too feeble to expectorate. By one o'clock we were all gathered around her bed, expecting each hour would prove her last. In silent prayer we commended each other into the keeping of our covenant God. He whispered "Peace" as He passed by us in his providence, and left us an unruffled state of soul—in quietness and in confidence we felt was our strength. It was suggested by the physician, that, in case her distress increased, or spasms should come on, we should try anodynes; but knowing her susceptibility and keen relish for poetry, and her exalted love and admiration of Scripture, we preferred to soothe her *mentally*, by quoting passages and hymns appropriate to the dying bed. They had a delightful effect. The name of Jesus fell like

music on her ear; she showed evident pleasure, though she was too low to speak.

From this time forward, we were enabled so to command our feeling as to be able, by divine strength imparted, to sustain her through the conflict with the last enemy: which conflict had yet to last beyond all calculation, through two days and nights more. The supports which were granted us in this hour must have been peculiarly grateful to our dear sister; as we learn from a wish she had long before expressed in simple verse—

“Weep not! my friends, when Death shall come  
The chariot to bear me home,—  
Weep not! your tears my wings oppress,  
And keep me from the courts of bliss.

So flutters on its homeward road  
The bird—when from her little brood  
Sad cries and mournings reach her ear,  
She stops—but cannot *linger* there.

If sighs and tears are only given  
To *ease* the heart by *sorrow* riven—  
Then *this* is not a time to weep,  
When as the babe we sink to sleep.

Yet, oh! if you *must* shed a tear,  
Wait till I am no longer here;



'Tis but a small behest I crave—

Oh! let it fall upon my grave."

With morning light, as usual, came relief; but it only showed us more clearly what death had done. An appearance and expression that could not be mistaken was on her countenance; but it could not mar her peace. Thinking once he observed her open her eyes, her father said, "My dearest, the Lord is with *you* and with *us*;" before he could add more, she turned to him with an earnest look, and one of the sweetest smiles, and said, "He has never left me." Her father replied, "You are in his gracious hands, and rest upon the very bosom of his love,"—still smiling, she nodded the assent she could not speak. But those words that had already fallen from her lips! how precious! Surely they were more to us than all the jewels of a queenly crown!

Detained through the day, by painful suspense, from our family duties, we were anxious for the young people who dwelt amongst us. A line was sent them in the evening from the sick chamber to explain our absence, and to direct their minds to the great lesson God in his providence was teaching us all.



“My dear children,

“In the midst of our great trouble, do not suppose you are forgotten or unobserved. The patience we are called upon to exercise is rendered doubly trying on your account.

“Throughout the past night, each moment was supposed to be the last; yet she lives. To-day she has surprisingly rallied, seems not to suffer, appears perfectly conscious and fully aware of her situation; yet all is *peace*, the most *perfect peace*. Her chamber is the gate of heaven; it is good, indeed, to be there. She speaks only in a low whisper; yet bears a noble testimony to the faithfulness of her God —“He has never left me.” Her spirit seems to be pluming its wings for its everlasting flight. A coughing fit it is supposed would rend asunder the soul and body; but we rather think she has already sunk into so sweet a slumber, as that she will scarcely again be harassed.

“Asleep in Jesus! Oh how sweet  
To be for such a slumber *meet*!”

“May God give you grace at once to per-

pare, so to follow her in the example she has ever set you, that you may close your eyes on all things earthly with as sure and certain a hope of rising to life eternal.

“Your friend.”

As was to be expected, she slept through all the day, with short intervals only of consciousness, till about four in the afternoon, when she was able to converse; and, shortly, asked her father to read to her, and comment on, some portion of Scripture. The seventy-first Psalm was opened upon; she lay in quiet enjoyment through it all, sweetly assenting to its blessed truths; and then requested prayer. A weeping circle kneeled around her—a father, mother, and eleven children were for the first time called upon to commend a departing child and sister to the care of a covenant-keeping God. While anguish rent their hearts till feeling well nigh choked utterance, in view of the approach of the king of terrors thus to break their family circle and snatch the fairest, the sweetest, and almost the youngest from their midst, the soul itself, who saw in death only “*the angel*, the messenger of peace,

mercy, love, and glory," approaching to open her "prison door, that out of it she might pass into a world of light," was perfectly calm, absorbed as it were in love, praise, and blissful adoration. How could *she* grieve, indeed, who was so soon to be presented before the throne of God in his likeness, without spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing. To her, *death* was *life*. She was "being born out of sinfulness, darkness, and wretchedness, into purity, light, and happiness." To her there would be no terror, for she was but going home; and the soul was already pressing into the glory to which death was so soon to introduce her. As we rose from prayer, she took her father's hand, raised it to her lips, kissed it, then gently laid it down.

Through the evening she lay very quiet—enduring, as seeing him who is invisible. Yet, though to the eye of a friend she was so apparently comfortable, secretly rejoicing in the exceeding great and eternal weight of glory about to be revealed, yet it was the *mind* that so triumphed in the prospect as to cast every *bodily* suffering into the shade. This is proved by the fact, that, at this very time she said to her sister, "Dear, I shall not live till

morning, I think." "Why not, dearest?" "Because," she replied, "my breathing is so hard." All were surprised; they had thought her so easy and comfortable. Through the rest of the evening she said nothing; we all thought it best to rest in anticipation of the usual coughing fit at twelve. Too surely with the hour came its trial; but through mercy much relief was granted. One of her devoted brothers, from his knowledge of medicine, was able to soothe her much with palliatives his own hand prepared; still she coughed much; but as she was able to expectorate, it was seen that the crisis had not yet come. She was greatly exhausted, as hour after hour the frail body was racked with this distressing cough. Her strength seemed to fail her with her labored breath; yet all was endured with such trust in God, and such sweet resignation to his will, that it gave Death, as the king of terrors, no advantage. Friends—though all collected round the bed—what could they do? The strongest affection, though it be stronger than death, felt its weakness, But Christ was there—her Beloved was near! To her He whispered peace; while He animated, by his Spirit, surrounding friends to



encourage the departing soul with blessed gospel truths and precious verses, which they were continually repeating to her. These strengthened her hands; they warmed her heart; they brought her "into a very near, deep, and blissful communion with God;" so that beholding in them, "as in a glass, the glory of the Lord," her soul was hourly changed more and more into the same image. "The Spirit of Adoption was breathed over her soul;" she walked with Jesus in these delightful pastures of the Land of Beulah; and evidently "talked with him as Moses and Elias did on the mount of transfiguration."

Finding the delight she took in hymns, and that her favorite had not suggested itself to another, her sister-in-law bending over her, whispered—

"Ye angels who stand round the throne  
And view my Emanuel's face,  
In rapturous songs make him known,  
Tune, tune your soft harps to his praise.  
He form'd you the spirits you are,  
So happy, so noble, so good;  
When others sunk down in despair,  
Confirm'd by his power ye stood.



Ye saints who stand nearer than they,  
And cast your bright crowns at his feet,  
His grace and his glory display,  
And all his rich mercy repeat.  
He snatch'd you from hell and the grave,  
He ransom'd from death and despair ;  
For you He was mighty to save—  
Almighty to bring you safe there.

O when will the period appear,  
When I shall unite in your song ?  
I'm weary of lingering here—  
And I to your Saviour belong.  
I'm fetter'd and chain'd up in clay,  
I struggle and pant to be free.  
I long to be soaring away,  
My God and my Saviour to see !

I want to put on my attire,  
Wash'd white in the blood of the Lamb ;  
I want to be one of your choir,  
And tune my sweet harp to his name.  
I want—O I *want* to be there,  
Where sorrow and sin bid adieu ;  
Your joy and your friendship to share—  
To wonder and worship with you !”

The emphasis of the last stanza was indescribable—it touched the soul addressed : she threw up her almost unmanageable arms

around the neck of this dear sister-in-law, and kissed her. Never did she show such ecstasy throughout her sickness.

Towards morning she began to find relief from bodily suffering; she was evidently reviving again. We raised the blinds and showed her the day breaking—"There, dearest, there is the light you have always loved." But her eye had seen in the Dark Valley a brighter light that shone from the world above; she could not bear thus to be called back to earth. Impatience tempted her; she raised her arms, and threw them down, saying, "Why won't He come?" She was reminded that her times were in his hands; and quickly soothed with the assurance, that, though his chariot wheels seemed long in coming, yet his love and his mercy sustained her, while He yet sat as "a Refiner, removing the dross, and watching for his own image" in her, the dear child of his adoption; or while, as the Divine Builder, with his graving tools, disease and pain, "He gave symmetry and a perfect polish to the living stone about to be set in his temple above."

From this time through all the morning, she

seemed to be dozing—rallying herself after the exertions and excitement of the past night.

About noon, supposing her still asleep, her sister, who was fanning her, remarked to a friend standing by, “Abby lately said, ‘He has laid his hand upon me; and surely she might now add—it is underneath her—that His arm doth embrace her.’” She heard it, and promptly replied, “Indeed it is—underneath and around; and *so gently too.*” Her sister said, “That is why you find it so sweet to lie passive in His hands and know no will but His!” “Yes,” she answered—“is there not a verse that says, ‘They also serve, who only *stand and wait.*’” This led to conversation on the different ways in which God is pleased to employ us—evidently this was His chosen way for her—truly had He thus far gloried himself in her. Being naturally led to dwell upon the glories that were awaiting her, our friend repeated that beautiful and appropriate hymn :—

‘In vain our fancy strives to paint  
The moment after death;  
The glories that surround the saint,  
When he resigns his breath.

Faith strives, but all its efforts fail  
To trace its heav'nward flight ;  
No eye can pierce within the veil  
Which hides that world of light.

Thus much (and this is all) we know,—  
They are supremely blest ;  
Have done with sin, and care, and woe,  
And with their Saviour rest.

On harps of gold His name they praise ;  
His presence always view ;—  
And if we here their footsteps trace,  
There we shall praise Him too."

She evinced much pleasure throughout the recital.

Her father brought in from the green-house a beautiful flower of the "Cactus Speciosissima," and holding it before her said, "Here, dear, is one of our heavenly Father's beautiful gifts." "Oh, it is indeed beautiful!" was her reply. "If," said her father, "He bestows such things on sinful man, what must be the glorious ones which He has prepared for those who love him! 'For eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive of them.'" She sweetly smiled as the glorious prospect so immedi-

ately awaiting her rose in imagination before her.

Her father read to her the closing remarks of her grandfather's Morning Exercise for the day—June 15th, 'O Christian, there is a special providence over thee,' &c., enlarging upon them for her comfort. She seemed greatly to enjoy the thoughts suggested. He then asked her, "My precious child, do you now realize the truths you have professed and taught amongst us?" She promptly replied, "Indeed I do."

Still unable to return to our duties amongst the young people, and touched by the accounts we received of their whispering voice and noiseless tread, of their deep interest in assembling the household together at the usual hours of family worship, when led by one of their number in singing and in prayer, we were commended to God, we sent again a message of love from the dying chamber to encourage and strengthen their hands.

"I write to you in pencil, lest I should disturb the peaceful spirit that still lingers on this side Jordan. Oh! that you could all have passed the night with us—such a night of



peace! Where the doctors had ordered some anodyne to be given to secure quiet, a precious promise, a sweet verse whispered in her ear, and every nerve was stilled. Her soul seems to be entranced with the harmony, and all her senses to revel in the glorious anticipations of another world. The case is remarkable; it is a most forcible proof of the power of religion, not only to *support*, but to *soothe* in the greatest extremity.

“Why, why my dear children, should one of you dare to trifle with the only comfort, the only solace that can be provided for your dying hour? Die you *must*! Resist the deceiving spirit that would lead you to delay the great work of preparation.

‘Be wise *to-day*, ’tis madness to defer.’

All the riches you could offer, all the world, could you bestow it, would not purchase from her *one hope*—she would not relinquish *one comfort* that religion now affords.

“That she loves us with the tenderest affection, is proved by the wandering eye that searches after us if we are heard to withdraw; it is proved by the pressure of the dying hand,

and the sweet smile of satisfaction with which she greets us on awaking: but the eye of her faith has seen One infinitely lovely, and to Him her soul is in haste to be gone. She told me last evening that she did not think she should live till morning, her breathing was so difficult. When the light of to-day dawned upon her still fettered spirit, she looked at me and said, 'Why won't he come!' During the night one had repeated to her that beautiful hymn, 'Ye angels that stand round the throne,'—at that verse, '*I want, oh I want* to be there,' she threw up her arms around the neck of the speaker in great delight, expressive of the most grateful sympathy. We shall never forget that moment! On rising from prayer around her bed, she took Papa's hand, raised it to her lips, kissed it, then gently laid it down, as though every earthly wish was satisfied, and nothing now remained but to wait the summons in which death should be swallowed up of life.

"Her face beams always with a smile; I assure you, from this experience, that it is worth any sacrifice, any devotion, any effort to have such peace at last. When reminded of

her song, 'He doeth all things well,' and asked, 'Can you now say He doeth all things well?' 'Yes, yes,' she promptly replied. Some short time since she said, God had beset her behind and before, and even laid His hand upon her. Now she adds, 'It is underneath me and around me, and so gently, too, bearing me up.' She has been a *living* epistle, therefore her *dying* testimony is added consolation, doubtless, given in mercy to lessen the pang which nature will feel at parting. All that we hear of your conduct while absent from you is most kind, and does much, I assure you, to strengthen our hands and comfort our hearts. May God reward you tenfold into your own bosoms, when he brings you, as sooner or later he surely will, into these deep waters. But oh! I do entreat you, my dear children, slight not the golden opportunity which now offers for learning to know God, as rich in mercy, in goodness, and in truth. Some of you profess to have sought and to have found Him as revealed to us in the face of Jesus Christ—oh! see to it that you live a pure life of faith and holiness, as ever you wish a peaceful voyage to that haven where you would be.

“Some have been indifferent to these sacred truths. They have made light of privileges, they have turned a deaf ear to the voice of the Charmer, charm he never so wisely in providence and in grace. I fear that such are too far dead in nature’s hardness to be aroused by so gentle and distant a call as this. Well, if God has a design of mercy toward you, He will call louder, and yet more loud, till in the thunderings of his awful judgments, he makes you to learn wisdom, and compels you in the day of his power to acknowledge that He is judge in all the earth; justified when he speaks, clear when he judges.

“But there is yet a more distressing class amongst you—those who, I fear, have stifled convictions, who have wilfully quenched the Spirit, and who are now uneasy at the near approach of death in our circle.

“Where death is—God is! Yes, He walks in your midst now—vain trifler!—as yet with *gentle* accents He woos you to return. He offers to receive you graciously, to love you freely. Can you remain indifferent? does not your heart again burn within you? You have resisted many an invitation; you have turned



a deaf ear to many a plea. Shall not this, the direct voice of God's providence, move you? Are you sure of another opportunity? are you sure of more time? will you dare to presume further upon the forbearance of God? There is no course which is wise but one, no way which is right but one—immediate, earnest, prayerful turning unto God, through faith in Jesus Christ. What at this moment would be your condition, if, instead of our sister, *you* should hear, 'The master is come, and calleth for *thee*?'

"Your friend."

Some dear friends, who had been sent for, arrived in the evening; her smiling composure in meeting them seemed to chide the natural tears which will flow, till chastened into resignation they could say—

"Yet still to share

A few more welcomes from the rich dark eye,  
A few more pressures of the snowy hand,  
And ruby lip, could we enchain thee here,  
To all that change and plenitude of ill  
Which we inherit? Hence! thou selfish grief!  
Thy root is in the earth, and all thy fruits  
Bitter and baneful. Holy joy should spring  
When pure hearts take their portion.



Go, beloved!

*First*, for thou art most worthy. We will strive,  
As best such frail ones may, to follow thee!"

Our sister was quite too weak to speak; she could only look, and smile upon the privileges with which God had favored her, in having such a band of Christians, near and dear to her in the flesh, accompanying her to the very brink of the river, imparting the richest consolations and the firmest hopes; so that the precious soul when it stepped into the cold waters found they were but a shallow stream.

At dusk her doctor called to take his farewell look. A moment he stood at her bed-side, then seating himself beside the weeping mother, he exclaimed, "Well! Abby has given me the sweetest smile!" Yes, surely, it was more than earthly; can its impression be ever forgotten by those who saw it? Did it not speak of peace and joy in believing? Did it not prove her triumph over death and the grave? What was human skill before it? What were earthly pleasures in comparison with it? It bore an angel stamp, that God had marked her for his own!

During the evening of anxious suspense,

dreading the renewal of the conflict at twelve, the following lines were found laid upon the table, by a gentle hand present, as a crumb of comfort by the way :—

“ Present Lord, be present with us  
Every hour of this day ;  
Darkness falls, if thou should'st leave us,  
That may not be done away ;  
With thy power, with thy word,  
Give us comfort—Present Lord !

Present Lord, may every promise  
We have loved receive its seal ;  
Doubt and distrust scatter from us,  
Wounded hearts be swift to heal ;  
Spread thy comfortings abroad,  
Teach while trying—Present Lord.”

With twelve o'clock, the struggle began that was now to end her mortal life. She began as usual coughing ; but after the third or fourth effort, nature was too far exhausted—she sunk back upon her pillows and panted life away. For nearly two hours she was sinking thus. But now she seemed to feel assured that the dangers of her pilgrimage were almost over, and with the conviction that her hour *was come*, she gave herself up without restraint to

“the sea of bliss that surrounded her, and to the gales of heaven that were wafting her on, and to the sounds of melody that floated in the whole air around her;” so that nothing can describe the serenity and simple loveliness of the closing scene. She once said to her father, “It is hard work, dying.” This was but for a moment—it was outweighed by the faith and joy of her soul. “Your heavenly Father will not suffer his child to take one step too far,” he replied. A sister added—

“Though painful at present,  
It will cease before long;  
And *then*—Oh how joyful  
The conqueror’s song !”

Thus was she led to draw consolation from the true fountain of all comfort—God’s purpose concerning her, his appointed time for her, and his almighty power which would triumph in her.

We continued quoting verses of Scripture, and repeating hymns. She joined us in several—amongst others, one, a special favorite, copied into her manuscript book—

“O talk to me of heaven! I love  
To hear about my home above!  
For there doth many a lov'd one dwell  
In light and joy ineffable!  
O tell me how they shine and sing,  
While every harp rings echoing,  
And every glad and tearless eye  
Beams like the bright sun, gloriously!  
Tell me of that victorious palm,  
Each hand in glory beareth;  
Tell me of that celestial charm  
Each face in glory weareth.  
Oh happy, happy country, where  
There entereth not a sin,  
And Death, that keeps its portals fair,  
May never once come in.  
No change can turn their day to night—  
The darkness of that land is light;  
Sorrow and sighing God hath sent  
Far thence to endless banishment;  
And never more may one dark tear,  
Bedim their burning eye,  
For every one they shed while here  
In fearful agony  
Glitters a bright and dazzling gem  
In their immortal diadem.  
Oh happy, happy country! there  
Flourishes all that we deem fair—  
For tho' no fields nor forests green,  
No bowery gardens there are seen,  
Nor perfumes load the breeze;



Nor hears the ear material sound—  
Yet joys at God's right hand are found,  
The archetypes of these.  
There is a home, the land of birth  
Of all we highest prize on earth ;  
The storms that rock this world beneath  
Must there forever cease ;  
The only air the blessed breathe  
Is purity and peace.  
Oh happy, happy land ! in thee  
Shines the unveiled Divinity !  
Shedding o'er each adoring breast  
A holy calm, a halcyon rest ;  
And those blest souls whom death did sever  
There rest to mingle joys forever !  
Oh when will heaven uncloset to me !  
Oh when shall I its glories see !  
And my faint, weary spirit stand  
Within that happy, happy land !"

Evidently the celestial city was opening upon her view ; nothing but the River of Death, which now appeared an insignificant rill, separated her from it ; *that* could be crossed in a single moment, whenever God should give permission. Her brother repeated

"I would not live away."

She caught up a line here and there, but whispered the fourth verse entire—

“Who, who would live alway, away from his God—  
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,  
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o’er the bright plains,  
And the noon-tide of glory eternally reigns !”

After a short pause, laboring for breath, she  
gathered up her strength to repeat—

On Jordan’s stormy banks I stand,  
And cast a wishful eye  
To Canaan’s fair and happy land,  
Where my possessions lie.

O the transporting, rapt’rous scene  
That rises to my sight !  
Sweet fields, arrayed in living green,  
And rivers of delight.

No chilling winds, no poisonous breath,  
Can reach that healthful shore ;  
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,  
Are felt and fear’d no more.

When shall I reach that happy place,  
And be forever blest ?  
When shall I see my Father’s face,  
And in his bosom rest ?

Fill’d with delight, my raptur’d soul  
Can here no longer stay ;  
Tho’ Jordan’s waves around me roll,  
*Fearless* I’d launch away.”

As the Sun of Righteousness drew near, pouring a flood of glory upon her, as her faith was thus changing into sight, her longing spirit could not restrain itself, she exclaimed, "Oh I want to go;" then, as if checking herself, "I am so impatient;" adding something, not distinctly heard, about "besetting sin." Her anxious father said, "It is not unbelief, dear, is it?" "Oh no," she replied, "but impatience." "My dearest," said her brother, "you have rather set us a beautiful example of *patience*." She quickly and with great earnestness replied, "I beseech you do not speak to me *so*." Her father added, "Dearest, it is the *grace of God* in you that we admire—the flesh we know is weak, though the spirit may be willing; cannot the all-sufficient merits of an adorable Saviour cover all your infirmities? 'Who is he that condemneth? it is Christ that died—yea, rather that is risen again;' and you are complete in Him." She simply replied, "Yes, yes." But there was an expression in that short word which spoke volumes. She remarked soon after, "Satan has been trying very hard for two days past to get me; but *he* has not been suffered to lay *his* hand upon me."

Her speech was rapidly failing her. Something she said about the sting of death: her father tried to hear it, and, gathering its meaning as well as he could, replied; but she again took up the verse and repeated it more distinctly—"O death! where is thy sting? oh grave! where is thy victory?" "Thanks be unto God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." This proved her triumph; twas the anchor of her soul, both sure and steadfast, cast within the veil. She was observed to be repeating something; her brother put his ear close to her, and caught her favorite little hymn:—

“My Saviour, be thou near me  
Through life's night—  
I cry, and thou wilt hear me;  
Be my light.  
My dim sight aching,  
Gently thou'rt making,  
Meet for awaking,  
Where all is bright.

Through time's swelling ocean  
Be my guide;  
From tempest's wild commotion  
Hide! oh hide!



Life's crystal river  
Storms ruffle never ;  
Anchor me ever  
On that calm tide."

Finding this was still her enjoyment, we repeated more hymns to her—Cowper's sweet lines:—

"To Jesus the crown of my hope,  
My soul is in haste to be gone ;  
Oh bear me ye cherubim up,  
And waft me away to his throne.

My Saviour, whom absent I love—  
Whom, not having seen, I adore—  
Whose name is exalted above  
All glory, dominion, and power,

Dissolve thou these bonds, that detain  
My soul from her portion in thee ;  
Ah ! strike off this adamant chain,  
And make me eternally free.

When that happy era begins—  
When array'd in thy glories I shine,  
Nor grieve any more by my sins,  
The bosom on which I recline ;

O then shall the veil be removed,  
And round me thy brightness be pour'd :  
I shall meet him whom absent I lov'd,  
I shall see whom unseen I ador'd.

And then never more shall the fears,  
The trials, temptations, and woes,  
Which darken this valley of tears,  
Intrude on my blissful repose.

Or, if yet remember'd, above,  
Remembrance no sadness shall raise ;  
They will be but new signs of thy love,  
New themes for my wonder and praise.

Thus the strokes which from sin and from pain  
Shall set me eternally free,  
Will but strengthen and rivet the chain  
Which binds me, my Saviour, to thee."

Again,

"How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,  
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word," &c.

Another,

"My times are in thy hand,  
My God, I wish them there ;  
My life, my friends, my soul I leave  
Entirely to thy care," &c.

Here her father said to her, "My dear, in health you have often sung, 'He doeth all things well,' do you now say from your present experience, 'He doeth all things well?'" "Yes,"

she replied, and then after a pause for breath, "He is so precious." A few moments after she spoke again—"Jay"—"James"—(the names of her absent brothers.) Her father asked, "My precious, shall we send your love to them." "Oh, yes," she replied; "but—tell them—I had not—a fear—in death"—pausing a moment—"Tell Jay—I long—to hear—his voice"—but here her own failed her; she continued to motion with her lips, looking expressively at us, but nothing was audible. She then desired evidently to kiss the brother bending attentively over her. We all drew near in turn, after she had distinctly called "Mamma;" each received the parting token, and left with her some precious promise, or breathed aloud the desire of the soul for her. Having remembered even the friends with us, she was asked, "You do not wish to forget Griffin, do you?" "No—Griffin?" she distinctly said. She came weeping bitterly, to receive the parting token from one whom she had nursed from infancy, and who had ever been to her the kind, thoughtful, and gentle mistress, and who now, in her dying moments, longed to express her gratitude for the unceasing attentions

of this faithful servant. She tried in vain to speak ; her tongue faltered in death ; but with a look of entire satisfaction, as now resting from all her labors, she gathered up her strength to say, "It is sweet." To the eye of sense there was "nothing but pain, weakness, darkness, the relinquishment of life and its choicest blessings," in the brightest season, too, of its existence ; yet there was "a mysterious, unseen, supernatural presence and power ; a power of life and joy so deep and unextinguishable, so certain, sensible, ecstatic," that this young dying Christian could exclaim, "*It is sweet.*" Surely "this was Christ ! This it was to have a Saviour ! This was his omnipotence and mercy !" "Now, dearest," said her sister, "you have done with earth : there is not one of us that would wish to detain you ; we join our prayers with yours that Jesus would come and fetch you—'Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly.' He may seem to you to tarry long ; but when you reach eternity, you will see that there was not one pain too much, nor one hour too long. Think, dearest, what a privilege is yours, to be the first of our band in heaven ! the first to sing the song of

Moses and the Lamb! to receive the crown  
of glory! to have taught us all *how to die!*

“Vital spark of heavenly flame!  
Quit, oh quit this mortal frame!  
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying—  
Oh the pain, the bliss of dying!  
Cease, fond nature! cease thy strife,  
And let me languish into life!

Hark—they whisper—angels say,  
‘Sister spirit, come away!’  
What is this absorbs me quite,  
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,  
Drowns my spirit, draws my breath?  
Tell me, my soul—can this be death?

The world recedes!—it disappears!—  
Heaven opens on my eyes!—my ears  
With sounds seraphic ring:  
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!  
O grave! where is thy victory?  
O death! where is thy sting?”

Here her look was indescribable—her beautiful and expressive eyes were fixed on the sister that spoke with an intensity that belonged not to earth.

The blinds having been raised, her father said, bending over her—



"Let me go, for the day breaketh."

Still she lingered: but the shadows of the valley were fleeing apace; the bright and morning star was rising; her eyes were very soon to behold the unclouded sun, that shall never set; her dreary nights were already passed forever. From this time she took no notice of earth or earthly things; but, lying perfectly still with her eyes open, she seemed in a "bewilderment and mist of glory," following and holding communion with "gentle spirits, who formed as it were a perspective of glory, through which the soul was passing to uncreated light." "Thus she came up to the gate; then the King commanded to open the gate, that the righteous, that keepeth the truth, may enter in. Now, just as the gates were opened, I looked in, and behold the city shone like the sun; the streets were paved with gold; and in them walked many with crowns on their heads, palms in their hands, and golden harps, to sing praises withal. There were also of them that had wings; and they answered one another without intermission, saying, 'Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord.' And after that they shut up the gates

—which, when I had seen, I wished myself amongst them.”

Many beautiful things were continued to be said to her by her father and brothers ; but she gave no sign that she heeded them—her tongue was already paralyzed in death—her eyes were gently closing. Her father had raised her, on her pillow, on his arm, to ease her breathing, and was gazing with fond affection in her face. He saw no change, but her brother said, “ Surely she is gone.” They felt her pulse—it had indeed ceased to beat. “ Yes, this is death,” exclaimed our father, as he gently laid her down—“ she sleeps in Jesus. ‘ The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord.’ I have a child in heaven.” ’Twas even so—

“ Without a sigh,

A change of feature, or a shaded smile,  
She gave her hand to the stern messenger,  
And, as a glad child seeks its father’s house,  
Went home !      \*      \*      \*      \*

It was not meet

That she should longer tarry from that bliss  
Which God reserveth for the pure in heart.”

A flood of tears well nigh overpowered us in this our first grief, but a Grace that was om-

nipotent sustained us, and landed us safe in peace and joy—enabling us at once to realize that our precious sister was not dead, but sleeping—"Sleeping in Jesus." The thought that she was beyond the reach of sickness, pain and sorrow, death and sighing—that her sun should no more go down, nor her moon withdraw itself—that she should no more say, "I am sick," was an inexpressible relief, and quickly awakened in our hearts the most profound gratitude to God, who, through Christ our Lord, had thus ransomed us from the power of the grave.

"'Twere sweet indeed

A little longer, to have drawn her smile  
Into the heart of love, and seen her do  
With all her graceful singleness of soul,  
A Saviour's bidding. But, be still—be still—  
Ye who did gird her up to Heaven, and walked  
Even to its gates in her blest company—  
*If she hath entered first, what then? Be still,*  
And let the few brief sands of time roll on;  
And keep your armor bright, and waiting stand  
For her warm welcome to the realms of bliss."

After repeatedly kissing the precious face on which was set a radiant smile, more lovely in death than in life, we all withdrew, feeling that

if this was death, then death was sweet, utterly devoid of a sting, calm as the childlike slumber on its mother's breast. Oh! how earnestly did we pray to follow in her steps, to be faithful as she had been, to live in and upon Christ, as she had done, separated from earth in life and in death. How sincerely did we determine to "knock and weep, to watch and pray," resolving in God's strength, that in all our darkness—and darkness we knew we *must* encounter—we would never, never, let the light of this sweet vision be forgotten.

Often, indeed, were our feet found retracing their steps to the room, in which the precious form lay. There were no terrors there. 'Twas hard to imagine the lustrous eyes would not again open upon those she loved; but

"Hers was that quiet sleep  
Which hath no wakening here. Fled from her brow  
Was every trace of pain; and in its stead  
Methought the angel who so long had been  
Her comforter, had left a farewell gift—  
That smile which in the court of Heaven doth beam."

Oh! for what on earth would we have exchanged the hope which enabled us to realize the soul set free, bounding from rapture to rap-



ture, casting its soon obtained but dearly bought crown at her Saviour's feet.

As we gathered around that evening for family worship, truly did her chamber seem the gate of heaven to our souls. We knelt in prayer, while our father poured forth, from a bleeding heart, our grateful praise to God for all his gentle dealings towards us, imploring still that gracious presence which had so sensibly supported us hitherto. Then on the wings of Christian faith, he led us from the sleeping dust into the palace of Him who is higher than the highest, dearer than the dearest, to see our now sainted sister among the angelic band waiting her commission to fly upon some embassy of love, herself now to minister unto those who shall be heirs of salvation.

The next morning was a Sabbath—a Sabbath indeed to our souls, which by reason of our trial were drawn off entirely from the contemplation of earthly things, to revel in the view unbounded of a spiritual existence. We had been brought very near to God; and God was graciously pleased to come very near to us. Together her spirit and ours rested in the Fa-



ther's love ; we were both adoring a Saviour's unchanging faithfulness ; while by the same Spirit's comfortings, we were blending our praises and our prayers before the same Throne of Grace,—*she* in the high and glorious presence of Him whom seeing she adored—*we* at the footstool of His grace, whom not having seen, we yet love. A veil of flesh separated us, yet could the ear of faith hear her say, "He is faithful who hath promised, 'Trust Him where you cannot trace Him.' Be assured 'He doeth all things well.' " Such was the sweet and comforting lesson which, as prisoners of his Providence, God taught us in the silent chamber of the dead.

Upon the table in her room were found these lines, the effusion of a brother's love.

" Unconsciously, by feeling led,  
I seek the chamber of the dead ;  
As though my very feet did share  
The love and grief that press'd me there.

Ah, sacred spot ! 'twas here we knelt  
And watched while she, the suff'rer, slept  
Her pillows smoothed, her temples fanned,  
And gently pressed the feverish hand.

Ah sacred spot! 'twas here we stood,  
Hard by the brink of Jordan's flood,  
Unwilling that its swelling wave  
Should bear *our sister* to the grave.

Ah sacred spot! 'twas here so late  
We knelt and wept at Heaven's gate;  
While hovering angels bore away  
Our sister from her house of clay.

Ah sacred spot! 'tis here we find  
The legacy she left behind;  
A lesson, meant for you and I—  
To learn to live—to learn to die.

Ah sacred spot! while here I bend  
And weep my sister and my friend,  
Behold my heart and witness now,  
The fervor of my solemn vow.

To Him who bore our sister up,  
Who drank for her the bitter cup—  
To Him, my all—myself I give,  
In Him to die, in Him to live.

## CHAPTER VII.

### *Her Funeral.*

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“When Christ, who is our life, shall appear, then shall ye also appear with him in glory.”—Col. iii. 4.

“They cannot die—‘whose spirits here
Were one with Christ, their living Head :’
They cannot die :
Though the time-wasted sepulchre,
In which their vestiges are laid,
Crumbled in dust may lie.

They are not dead—whose ashes fill
That melancholy house of clay :
They are not dead !
They live in brighter glory still,
Than ever cheer’d their earthly way,
Full beaming round their head.”

BOWRING.

~~~~~  
But the morrow came—that sad, sad day  
of parting, when even the body, that was  
lovely and beloved for the spirit’s sake it had  
enshrined, must be committed to its parent  
earth, there to abide

“The fix’d, the great mysterious law,  
That dust should dust refine.”

There could not have dawned a lovelier day.

All nature smiled, as well it might ; for its God, our God, through Jesus Christ, had triumphed over death and hell—yea, even over the grave itself. He had gathered from earth's fair garden a cherished flower, the plant of his right hand planting, to place it in the bosom of his love, far away from every wilderness, blight, and storm, and scorching ray.

A dear friend, one of many who had arrived to pay their last respect to our sister, stealing silently to her narrow bed, exclaimed, on seeing her, " You need not tell me how she died ; I see it here."

" Calm on the bosom of thy God,  
Fair spirit ! rest thee now !  
E'en while with ours thy footstep trod,  
His seal was on thy brow.

Dust ! to its narrow house beneath !  
Soul ! to its place on high !  
They that have seen thy look in death,  
No more may fear to die !"

The precious remains were brought from her room into the school-room, to the midst of her young companions, who, seated around their friend and teacher, the lovely daughter

and the much loved sister, listened to the faithful exhortation of our friend, Dr Cutler. He made some appropriate remarks from her dying testimony, "O death where is thy sting? O grave where is thy victory? Thanks be unto God who giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ." He looked around on nature, decked in its richest attire, spreading before him one of its loveliest views; the heavens were blue and bright above him; the earth was carpeted gorgeously beneath him; birds and flowers combined their sweetness to render all enchanting around him: he looked—but he saw no sting there. He looked upon the circle gathered round, united in one faith, one hope, supported by the richest consolations, honored of God in the tithe He had taken, favored of him in the loving sympathy poured out around them; he looked—but he saw no sting there. He looked upon the placid face that lay before him in smiling loveliness; he looked—but he saw no sting *there*. No, but his eye turned to the cross on Calvary; it rested upon one who hung *there*—the Just for the unjust, that he might be the Lord our Righteousness: it took knowledge of the



mockings, the buffetings, the vinegar, the gall, the dark desertion of his Father, when in that mysterious agony of suffering, He cried out, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me." *There, there* he saw the sting of death, forever borne away from those who should thereafter believe and embrace him as the Lord their Righteousness.

At the church, numbers from all parts had gathered, old and young, rich and poor, anxiously waiting to pay their last respect to one, whom but to know 'twas sure to love: "The rich admired, 'twas the poor who loved." Solemnly the bell tolled, as the interesting and mournful procession of the bereaved family and youthful companions, robed in white, wearing the mourner's badge, followed by a large number of weeping friends, wound their way on foot down the avenue from the house, reached the church-green, and sought entrance at the crowded door. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord!" was ejaculated from many a heaving breast.

"To lie down

In the dark vault she cometh,—dust to dust,  
Ashes to ashes, till the glorious morn

Of resurrection. Wondering do you ask  
*Where is her blessedness?* Go home, ye gay,  
Go to your secret chambers, and kneel down,  
And ask of God. *Urge* your request like him  
Who on the slight raft, 'mid the ocean's foam  
*Toileth for life.* And when ye win a hope  
That the *world gives not*, and a *faith divine*,  
Ye will no longer marvel how the friend  
So beautiful, so loved, so lured by all  
The pageantry of earth, could meekly find  
A blessedness in death."

The service was full and deeply solemn; the stifled grief of many was but ill suppressed; their sobs betokened their sympathy with the living and the dead. A lovely white moss rose just bursting from the bud, was dropped by a thoughtful hand, as a fit emblem, on her coffin's lid: with her it descended into the vault beneath; but not with her will it rise to bloom in immortal youth and freshness. No, earth's flowers must ever fade and die: in heaven alone will there be no more death; for there alone can no sin enter. The music she loved on earth, honored her memory in death; the apostle's words were chaunted—"I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, from henceforth blessed are the dead who die

in the Lord ; even so saith the Spirit, for they rest from their labors."

Having seen the sacred trust entombed, we returned grateful to our home, rejoicing in the privilege that we had committed the loved one to the earth in full and certain hope that she shall ere long "Awake and sing," that she shall be raised in incorruption, in glory, in power, a spiritual body ; that she shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and as the stars forever and ever !

And now, my dear young friend, you to whom these pages are peculiarly addressed, permit me to retire with you from this peaceful scene into the chamber of your own heart ; for *you* too must die, and "what will *you* do in the swellings of Jordan ?" Has not the example you have seen and felt, has not the glorious work of righteousness, of which you have just read, with its blessed effects—quietness and assurance forever—moved you to exclaim, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like hers !" To die as our sister died, you must live as she lived.

Prepared to die—the great business of life accomplished before the hour of sickness comes.

Ready to die—all other acts, all other duties, all other means, only tending to it. Willing to die—the frequent contemplation preventing all surprise, and the constant looking beyond to the blessedness reserved, strengthening the spirit and softening the pangs which through nature lie in the way to it. Wishing to die—lest temptations without and corruption within, should, through the deceitfulness of the heart, lead it astray again to dishonor God, to betray Christ, and to quench the Holy Spirit.

Do you ask by what principles can such a privileged condition be attained? Review with me the model presented. You see it *began with a change of heart*—an internal *principle* there, which, like a fountain supplied life and warmth through all the frame of feelings and of duties, changing the desires, the tastes, the pleasures. You find it *manifested itself in a practical principle*, infused into the habits, governing the understanding, regulating the faith, giving actions to the inclinations, ever on the watch to exercise itself unto godliness: resting not on what *is* done, but on what there is yet *to do*; waiting not for the great occasion, but thankfully seizing the small one.



You find it to have been *fed by a devotional spirit*, habitually cultivated, and most carefully guarded from whatever might be hurtful to it, whether in society or amusements, in feelings or in temper; so that the desire, the frame, the willingness for prayer, was ever maintained within. A spirit not confined to the closet, but diffusing its odor through all the intermediate spaces of the day and its duties: a mind trained to reflection, in which serious thoughts were encouraged, distinctly unfolded and carefully examined; exercising itself in believing as it prayed, in thinking as it prayed, in feeling as it prayed. A spirit which felt itself at home wherever it could “continually resort,” whether in journeyings or tarryings, through life, or in death. You find that it *exercised itself in love*—love to God and love to man—to God as supreme, to man as his offspring: anxious to secure the glory of Christ—therefore diligent in promoting the spiritual welfare of those around; not solicitous to *prove religion*, but careful *to make it loved*; willing to renounce opinions and prejudices, but ever tenacious of a principle. You find that it *breathed after holiness*, in aiming at a standard, in seeking conformity



to a model, in laboring to fill up an outline of duty ; failing, perhaps, often in the performance, yet ever again aspiring with large desire, with lofty aim, and with steady perseverance, to be “ perfect even as our Father in heaven is perfect,”—“ shining more and more with the perfect day.”

Such were our sister’s principles ; and such indeed, must yours be, as ever you would hope to attain to her exalted end.

As the friend of your soul, let me remind you, that in *such truth* YOU too have been taught—yes, while you dwelt amongst us you had line upon line, and precept upon precept. Shall such teaching but echo back your eternal condemnation ? By *this very example* YOU have been led—shall it but rise up in the judgment to condemn you ? By the *same quiet and gentle influence* YOU have been drawn—shall it prove to have been but the savor of death unto death to your soul ?

If great has been your responsibility in having seen and known this young disciple, of how much sorer punishment shall you be worthy in having *dwelt* with her, in having walked and studied together, in having gone to the house

of God in company, and there mingled your praises and your prayers?

Shall one be taken and the other left! Our sister rests in heaven—shall our young friend fall short of the glory of God? *She* walks in white, for she is worthy—will *you* be cast into outer darkness, where there is weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth?

It may be that, by the providence of God, for months, perhaps for years, you have been separated—certain it is that now you will see her here no more forever. *Review* her—as these memorials present her, in life, in sickness, and in death. *Recall* her—as you knew her in the school-room, in the parlor, in the church, and in the world; and then—*Remember*—oh! that I could indelibly impress the truth upon your heart—*remember* you have once again to meet her as she stands on the right hand of God, the faithful witness to all his gracious dealings towards you, in the privileges with which you, with her, have been favored—the counsels you, with her, have received, and the examples by which you, with her, have been led. Will you venture to be left speechless in that day? or will you not

rather at once resolve to follow in her steps as she followed God; and secure, with her, like interest in your Saviour's blood; that so, with her, your justified soul may find its welcome in heaven—

“In one eternal strain to sing  
A dying Saviour's love.”

But there are others who will read this little volume, to whom we are strangers—who may never have seen or known the subject of its pages! As the friend of your soul, dear Reader, I would plead too with you.

It is not any brilliant deed that we call upon you to admire—it is simply the passive virtues of a young Christian's death-bed, which you have been asked to contemplate. “*To suffer* the whole will of God on the tedious bed of languishing is more trying than *to perform* the most shining exploit on the theatre of the world.” To be strong in faith, and patient in hope, in a long and lingering illness, is an example of general use and application; it presents a model—for to the dying-bed we must all come. The case before you must be yours. Oh why not make it yours *now*?

“Smitten friends

Are angels sent on errands full of love ;  
For us they languish, and for us they die ;  
And shall they languish, shall they die in vain ?  
Shall we disdain their silent, soft address,  
Their posthumous advice, and pious prayer ?”

In perusing these pages, has not the same Spirit which sustained our sister while she suffered, wrought in you to believe—or believing, stirred you up to a firmer trust ? If it prompted her to desire for you the comforts her sure hope afforded, will it not move you to seek for yourself that better part which shall never be taken away ?

To you, my friend, our loss in her death has been, we trust, your gain ; since the retirement in which she lived might have prevented the circle of her influence from ever directly reaching you. By these pages, the bright example of her death is yours, to instruct and to guide. Let me warn you of your responsibility in having now perused them. You have found *truth* there ; you have heard its principles and seen its effects—“The *work* of righteousness is peace ; and the *effect* of



righteousness quietness and assurance forever!"

If such then is *truth*, what is *duty*? BELIEVE! OBEY!

"Reader! may'st thou obtain like precious faith,—  
To smile in anguish and rejoice in death!"

The following letters have been received at different times since our sister's death. They not only confirm the truthfulness of the foregoing memorials, proving that we have not overestimated our sister's character, but are capable of yielding so much instruction and comfort to those who, like ourselves, are mourners, that we cannot forbear making some extracts from them.

On hearing of her increased illness, in anticipation of the fatal result, one of her absent brothers wrote:—

"The mournful intelligence pierced my heart, and has haunted me ever since. It is indeed a bitter cup, and nature will shrink. To-night, however, I shut myself up in my little room, and, amidst a flood of tears, poured out my soul to God. And now he has strengthened me, and filled me with peace. The sweetest



affections are flowing out, and I am cheerfully resigned to His will. I feel that it is all in love, and what I should myself desire could I but see as He sees. Oh that it may wean me more from the attractions of earth and the applause of men! Oh that it may produce deeper humility and devotedness! Oh that it may endear those exceeding great and precious promises which are now supporting and consoling me! My precious mother! may our heavenly Father, the God of all comfort, make His consolations to abound towards you, and enable you to rejoice in your sorrows, yea, and to glory in your tribulations also. I am confident that He will make his grace sufficient for you, and bring you forth from this furnace as gold. Think you that He who died to save us, and who is preparing for us worthless sinners such unspeakable blessedness, think you that He would do anything that was not for our good, anything that was not necessary? No! thou adorable Friend! thou art 'doing *all* things well :' only fill up with more of thyself the gap which thou makest in our earthly attachments, and we dare not, we cannot repine. I am sure it will cheer you to hear that here, in

the midst of my suspense and loneliness, I can thus find peace and joy, and prove that the promises are all yea and amen in Christ Jesus.

“Dear sufferer! I would have given a world once more to kiss thy soft cheek, and show thee one more little token of attentive love; but, a few more years, and we shall embrace each other in that better country, where sorrow and sickness never more enter, and where God shall remove every cloud and every tear.”

The following touching letter was written by the same brother to our sister. But ere it reached us, the sweet spirit had flown to its everlasting resting-place:—

“As an overruling Providence detains me from personal attendance upon you, I must be allowed to send as a proxy one of those famous little travellers, which can cross the Atlantic for a shilling, and creep, not into the *sick chamber* only, but into the *very heart* of those we love.

“My precious one! how *gladly* would I come myself! I have more than once looked at my hat, and thought I *must* put it on and

rush over to you. In my dreams, I *do*, and oh how sweet the delusion! but how transitory! Morning shakes my chain, and reminds me that I am still an exile from home! I want to be with you, dear, not on *your* account; for with such ministering spirits as the dear ones round you, not an *angel* could do more; but for my own sake. My heart aches to see my darling sister once again, to press her soft cheek, to see her sweet smile, and to listen once more to her sweet and plaintive voice—but, Abby! it is the Lord's will that it should be otherwise; and much as I should delight to see you, I find a still *higher* pleasure in cheerful resignation to His appointment. It would be strange indeed, if all the chastenings and scourgings of these last five years, had not taught me ready submission to Him, who, if he is to make all things work together for our good, *must* and *ought* to have the sole direction of our movements.

“I have thought much, lately, of this time last year, when we were together in Cambridge, (England.) We had pleasant hours together then—those Thursday evenings at Trinity church, those walks to the Sunday school,

those rides to Bourne and Haslingfield; those hours of family worship, and those sweet snatches of sacred song. Yes, dear, *they were pleasant*, because they were spent in the service of God, and were all sweetly commemorative of *Heaven*, and those ‘pleasures’ which are ‘*for evermore.*’ We shall often recall them in eternity, and the recollection will add fresh ardor and emphasis to our hymns of praise!

“I feared the result of that second voyage upon your already sickly frame; and yet I rejoiced that you were gone to your home. They soon began to write me of your increasing weakness, and though your own precious letters tried to conceal the truth, and I myself tried to hope against hope, yet the sunshine of my life was gone, and for the last six months, the shadow of a dark cloud has stretched from horizon to horizon. How could I laugh and make merry, when the sister whom I loved like my own soul, looked drooping, and fading, and sad?

“But though I knew all this, I did not fully realize it till about the beginning of May, when they wrote me of your sudden and alarming return from Virginia. I had said, ‘Who can



tell but the land of the mocking-bird and the jessamine, the genial skies, and the balmy breezes of the south, may yet restore the light to her eye and the rose to her cheek :’ but, no ! and I wept as if my heart would break at the recital of all my darling’s anxieties and sufferings ; yea, in the pride and naughtiness of my heart, I really think I felt angry with Providence for your sake ! But I had much to learn : and after going about till last Thursday with an inconsolable and rebellious spirit, I was in the evening of that day, enabled to bow my head, and say ‘ Father ! thy will be done ; ’ and immediately my soul was filled with heavenly peace, and I began to feel the most sweet and celestial affections flow out, and my soul rested confidently upon God, and rejoiced in Him with joy unspeakable and full of glory. From that moment my faith has not wavered ; and though the tear of affection will now and then start, and the sigh come rushing up from the bosom, yet they are not the expressions of *fretfulness*, but such as Jesus *himself* once shed over one whom He loved.

“ Hear this, then, for your comfort : your affliction has been inexpressibly sanctified to

me. It has softened my heart and prepared it for the Divine communications; it has weaned me from the attractions of life; it has subdued my stubborn will; it has given reality to all beyond the grave; and it has brought me a willing captive to the feet of Jesus. And will you not *rejoice* in this, my own dear sister!

“To-day came S’s letter. I can truly say the bitterness of death was passed, and I should have recognized the black seal without anguish. But God had something better in store for me. That precious letter, though it holds out but little hope of your recovery, dearest, brings me the sweetest tidings of your inward peace, and unfaltering reliance on the promises of God! It tells me, too, that the fire, which has long been burning in your heart, has at length kindled into a flame, and burst forth from your lips, to the great joy and satisfaction of the beloved ones around you. This is a crowning mercy, and I do adore that gracious Father, who has thus answered our prayers! Oh what an unspeakable mercy it is that your hope is bright and clear, and your faith so undaunted! You are only going a little before us; we are all on the road, and following fast after you; a few

more years of labor and conflict, and we shall embrace forever! You are indeed to be envied! for though there may be something awful in dying, it is only in the *anticipation*—Jesus will make it pleasant and easy. I went far down into the dark valley myself a few months ago; and, oh! it seemed all light and happy when I felt that I was leaning on the arm of my Beloved—and so will you find it, dear. Keep your eye fixed on a bleeding Saviour! and you will prove the promise, ‘When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee, and through the rivers they shall not overflow thee.’ And once across, O what glories! what raptures will await you.

“How often I lean against a stile in the meadows, and look up into the blue sky, and wish myself away! How often, when finishing a letter home, or brushing a tear from my eye, I have sighed for that land where these partings are o’er, and death and the grave divide hearts no more. Well, dear, if yours be the honor of first reaching it, you are not unmeet for it: yours has been a life of faith, and purity, and love. Though short, you have done much in it for your Saviour’s glory. You will soon see

Him whom, not having seen, you yet love—  
'And tell him, when you see his face, *I* long  
to see Him too.'

"I send you the song I shall learn to sing  
when my Abby, perhaps, is no more—

"I cannot tell what form is hers, what looks she weareth now,  
Nor guess how bright a glory crowns her shining seraph  
brow;  
The thoughts which fill her sinless soul, the bliss which she  
doth feel,  
Are numbered with the *secret things*, which God will not  
reveal.  
But I *know*, for God doth tell me this, that now she is at  
rest,  
Where other blessed maidens are on their Saviour's loving  
breast;  
I know her spirit feels no more the weary load of flesh,  
But her sleep is blest with endless dreams, of joy forever  
fresh!  
I know the angels fold her close beneath their glittering  
wings,  
And soothe her with a song that breathes of heaven's  
eternal things;  
And I know that we shall meet again, that sister dear,  
and I,  
When God for aye shall wipe away all tears from every  
eye.  
When I think of what my darling is, and what I still may  
be;



When I muse on that world's perfect bliss, and this world's  
misery ;

When I groan beneath this load of sin, and feel this grief  
and pain,

O ! I'd rather *go* to be with *her*, than have *her back again !*"

"What a comfort it is to think that we have always lived on such tenderly affectionate terms. I do not remember ever to have spoken a cross word to you ; and I can remember when we used to play together so lovingly, and when your merry voice and rosy cheeks were my joy and my pride.

"And now, my dearest sister, farewell—a short farewell. We shall soon meet again in a happier clime than either America or England ! Let me have your prayers while you remain, and some short message of love, just to show me that I am not forgotten. Unto God's gracious mercy and protection I commit you. 'The Lord bless you and keep you. The Lord make his face to shine upon you, and be gracious unto you. The Lord lift up his countenance upon you, and give you *peace* both now and evermore.' "

It is somewhat singular that this letter was penned on the very day our sister was thought

to be dying—when all, but the two absent ones in England were gathered around to cheer and strengthen her as she stepped into Jordan's cold flood. We could but exclaim as we read it, and recalled her dying words—

“Has a strange mysterious feeling,  
Something shapeless, undefined,  
O'er thy lonely musings stealing,  
Ne'er impress'd thy pensive mind;  
As if she, whose strong resemblance  
Fancy in that moment drew,  
By coincident remembrance,  
Knew your thoughts—and thought of you?”

The mournful intelligence was received by her brothers in a truly christian manner, bending before the storm. The one wrote immediately to the other:—

“It has pleased God to send over us the waves and billows which we have been so long dreading! Still tears will gush forth at every remembrance of our loss. My heart aches again; and the light of my life seems gone. And yet, in the midst of my anguish, I can look up to our heavenly Father, and praise him for all his goodness, and kiss his chastening hand.

“I pray for you, my brother, that you may be abundantly supported and comforted. Above all, that this unspeakable bereavement may be abundantly sanctified to us both. I so dread lest it should not ; but I can truly say, ‘Lord, *here I am*, do with *me* as seemeth thee good.’

“Having no friend here who could sympathize, I have gone to Him who is the ever present Friend, and He supports me in a sweet, and calm, and grateful frame of mind.

“I never found Scripture so sweet as those fourteenth and fifteenth chapters of the gospel of John. Read them, and tell me if you do not find every word of them true—‘Verily, there is a balm in Gilead, and a kind physician there.’”

“Sweet sister,—is it so ? And shall I see

Thy face on earth no more ?      \*      \*      \*

\*      \*      They say my name

Hung on thy lips ’mid the chill, parting strife.

Ah ! those were hallowed memories that could stir

Thy bosom thus in death.      \*      \*

\*      \*      Would it had been my lot

But with one weeping prayer to gird thy heart

For its last conflict. Would that I had seen

That peaceful smile which Death did leave thy clay,

After his conquest o'er it.           \*       \*  
\*       \*       Sister ! toils and ills  
Henceforth are past ; for knowledge without pain,  
A free, translucent, everlasting tide,  
Doth fill thy spirit : thou no more hast need  
Of man's protecting arm ; for thou may'st lean  
On His unchanging throne, who was thy trust  
Even from thine early days. 'Tis well ! 'tis well !  
Saviour of souls ! I thank thee for her bliss."

The elder brother replies in a letter home :—

"The sad but interesting letters reached us on Monday. We met, and wept together over their contents, reflecting and reading again till both could say, 'I know, O Lord, that thy judgments are right, and that thou in faithfulness hast afflicted me ;' also adding, 'Let, I pray thee, thy merciful kindness be for our comfort, according to thy word unto thy servants ;' and it was so. Never have either of us, I assure you, had a murmuring thought concerning our precious lamb, or the way in which she was taken from us. Indeed it was solid comfort to me to think of every part, even of the end. And though her expressions concerning me went to my heart, they only made the promises of Christ more valuable, and the hopes of meeting again more unutterably precious.



“Well, now, ‘*we would not live always.*’ The opening in the skies through which our darling followed her Saviour, will be always before our eyes, to cheer us and to guide us.

“How is she to be envied the felicity and rest she now enjoys. We have only to close our eyes of sense and open those of faith, and then old things pass away, and behold! all things become new. Though her precious dust consecrates our little church, we know that she will rise again and in her flesh see God and live. We know also that her spirit is with Christ, who says to His people, ‘I will *never* leave thee,’ and from whose love *death*, we are distinctly told, is unable to separate us.

“My imagination does not trouble me much as to her locality or occupation now. We can guess little of either. I rather like to read the account of the heavenly city, the new Jerusalem, in the apocalypse, in connection with her spiritual existence. *There* we may be sure she is entered to go no more out; God is her everlasting light, and the days of her mourning are ended. We cannot, therefore, be unhappy about her. God took her to himself. She was the tenth of our flock, and he may have hon-

ored us, as he honored the Jews when he said, 'And concerning the tithe of the herd, or of the flock, even of whatsoever passeth under the rod, it is *holy unto the Lord*.' One of the greatest blessings perhaps brought us by this trial, is, that it must endear that Saviour, who supported her so sweetly through the valley of the shadow of death, and allowed her to fear no evil. It is a proof which we needed that our almighty Friend means what he says. He has illustrated and illuminated his own Word for our comfort by and by, when we shall be called to follow her. That she is there before us, waiting for us, will alone make death much less terrible; but to think that her God is also our God—as kind and gracious yesterday, to-day, and forever, is enough to make us sing with joy and praise.

"After all, the separation is but a few years for any of us: meanwhile, let us dedicate ourselves, body, soul, and spirit, to God's service, and pray that we may all believe and realize that beautiful simile of the word of God, between the seed and the body:—'That which thou sowest is not *quicken*ed except it *die*; so also is the resurrection of the dead.'"

Her honored grandfather also writes to her parents :—

“ Your letter arrived yesterday : you had prepared us for its contents ; we were not therefore surprised : but we could not help weeping ; and the more as having so lately seen and caressed the dear creature—then how lovely ! and a cherub now ! I was also prepared to sympathize with you from experience, for I have been through the same ; and remembering my affliction and misery, the wormwood and the gall, my soul hath them still in remembrance and is humbled in me. And now what shall we say ? Say ! why nothing—‘ I was dumb, I opened not my mouth, because *Thou* did’st it.’—Nothing I mean in a way of complaining or murmuring ; but much is to be said in a way of adoration, praise, and prayer : we may say with Job, ‘ Do not condemn me ; show me wherefore *Thou* contendest with me :’ we may say with David, ‘ I know, O Lord, that Thy judgments are right, and that in faithfulness *Thou* hast afflicted me ; let Thy merciful kindness be for my comfort according to Thy word unto Thy servant :’ we may say with Micah, ‘ I will look unto the Lord, I will wait

for the God of my salvation; my God will hear me.'

"The first words that occurred to my mind, after reading your letter, were, 'Is it well with the child?' It is well—well indeed; for to depart and be with Christ is far better than anything the World or the Church can afford her; and the very heathen would say, 'They whom the gods love die young.'

"You have all now a fresh attraction in heaven. What a solace is it that you can view the separation as very temporary, and rejoice in the assured hope that you will see her face, and hear her voice again in a world 'where adieus and farewells are a sound unknown.'

"Think not that in rearing her you have labored in vain—you have reared a child for God, and furnished an heir of immortality. Be not afraid to feel and weep—Jesus wept: and none of our afflictions produce the peaceable fruits of righteousness unless we are *exercised thereby*; only guard against being swallowed up of over-much sorrow; and take care, as Henry says, 'that weeping does not hinder sowing. You have honored God actively; you are now called to honor him passively: and



remember, his grace is sufficient for you in your trials as well as in your duties.' ”

A friend from the South adds a pleasing testimony, and pours the balm of Gilead into our bleeding hearts :—

“It was with deep feeling that we received intelligence of the departure of one in whom we felt, though our friendship was so short, a very unusual interest. Often have we spoken of the privilege we enjoyed in forming the acquaintance of one so lovely, who seemed so near to Heaven, so weaned from the world—a stranger and a pilgrim, finding no rest till the Rest of the people of God.

“We often think of her seraphic voice, which seemed to belong to another world, and to have caught the strains of the New Song. As I passed over to-day a part of the road to Mount Vernon, I was reminded forcibly of her.

“There has been everything in the manner of her departure to soothe and comfort you—God has indeed shown His faithfulness and loving-kindness, even in the midst of your trial. The gradual preparation, the quiet and sweet manner in which she left you, the rich assur-

ance you have that she is with Jesus, all are tokens of your Heavenly Father's good-will and love to your family. If it is the first time death has invaded your family circle, how gently has God laid his afflicting hand upon you; surely, he loves you far more than you can conceive of. I am persuaded, that, if a wish could recall your sister to life, no such wish would be ever uttered by you: you love her too well to bring her back into this world of sin and trial. She has been sanctified and glorified. Often will your hearts ascend to that pure and blessed world of which she has become an inhabitant. Often will you dwell in delightful contemplation of her, as having inherited the promises, as enjoying the riches of the unfading Inheritance. For this purpose, I doubt not, was this affliction sent upon you, to make you more heavenly-minded, more earnest in your intense desires and efforts to be useful, to sanctify and purify your heart."

We cannot withhold in closing, an instructive extract from the sympathizing letter of a

venerated Christian lady at the South, who had seen our sister :—

“To see the young and gifted pass quietly or even resignedly from scenes they were calculated to enjoy and to adorn, strengthens faith and lessens our too eager hold on the things of time. Next to witnessing the grace of God exhibited in the patience, fortitude, and even thankfulness of His faithful followers during the sufferings which often precede and accompany their last change, it is most instructive to receive so touching an account as you have given. I could almost say with Dr. Young in his ‘Resignation,’ ‘I give you joy of her decease.’ What happiness that she rests in the bosom of her God *secure*. The remembrance of her sufferings but enhances her present felicity ; and if as guardian angel she is permitted to watch over those dear ones still subject to sin and sorrow, sweet must be her anticipation that they will finally conquer through their divine Saviour, and share with her the bliss of eternity. Does not such felicity seem too vast for human ambition ? If it depended on human desert, who could ever attain to it ?”

The following lines by a member of the family will conclude our memoir.

“She walked in white!—  
In graceful garments richly dight  
With all of maiden seemliness:  
No ornament shone on her dress  
But such as it becometh fair  
A woman beautiful to wear—  
A meek and quiet spirit blent  
With measurement of full content,  
Obedience, retiring grace,  
Home-keeping,—forward yet to trace  
The steps of grief, with bounteous store  
Of pity for the sick and poor.

“She walked in white!—  
In graceful garments pure and bright—  
In white, because she walked in *Truth*,  
It seeking in her comely youth—  
Not lightly caught with glitt’ring glow,  
With pride, and pageantry, and show,  
But looking always then and there  
If in God’s Book these written were;  
Where if of them she might not read,  
Gave after neither heart nor heed;  
And turning from the *semblance* bright,  
Held fast the *substance* of delight.

“She walked in white!—  
In garments beautiful to sight,—



In white, because she walked in *Love* :  
No thing might in her anger move.  
She falling not, for others' faults  
Had pity ; halting not, for halts  
An outstretched hand to help them on,  
Words wherein hope and wisdom shone,  
Comfortable solacings,  
Precepts sweet and promising,  
Patience and long-sufferings,  
Joy and gentle offerings.

“She walked in white !—  
In garments glowing all with light—  
In white, because she walked in *Faith* :  
Not seeking things that cling to earth ;  
But looking upward saw unfold  
A city beautiful with gold ;  
And dimly through the clouds could trace  
A shining host, a royal race,  
Who as they walked sang music clear,  
Which faintly fell upon her ear  
And touch'd jewelled harps whose strings  
Sent down to her far echoings.

“She walked in white !—  
In garments gloriously dight—  
In white, because she walked in *God* :  
He was around her, and His word  
Was in her heart ; so she stood there  
In raiment wonderfully fair,

No fuller the whole earth sought through  
Could give so beautiful a hue :  
For *Truth* is white, and *Love* is white,  
And *Faith* is white—but oh ! the light  
That falls from *God*, is of such whiteness  
Eyes scarcely may behold for brightness !”

THE END.

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